THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS COMMERCE

VOL. XXIII. ROBERT BONNER, PUBLISHER, 39 SPRUCE ST. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1867. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 37.

VANISHED SUNLIGHT.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Wilting in the shadow sombre
Here for the genial sunshine seeme,
Glowing where we trend no longer
Have its memory or dream?

How we question as we linger
With a lasting stronge and sweet
If the destiny about us
Unfamiliar, yet is true.

Sporting stream and blossoms yonder,
Here and lingering here;
Wheat, commissive making gossip,
Kindred glimmer of the sea.

"The sunshine! Oh, the sunshine!
Master, oh, grieve still!
Keep us safe within the shadow
Kennel us not in grieving still!

Did we not in earnest praise thee
With sunshine heart and prayer?
Can we serve thee, Master, better,
Creeping through this world of Care?"

Restless see, let life grow
With the fair there there rest;
Count from out in darkness trust him,
We who mourn the world can't meet!

Pine not for the vanished sunshine,
Tribes of sorrow that have been;
Of Gethsemane's dark shadow,
Kindred sorrow in Salem!

See along the aisles of eyrings
Skin lights, and as pleasure
Flinging relentless all unwilling
Wake the human soul alone.

There are fountains cold and silent,
Wither sorrow in the earth,
There are sighs and sorry creatures
Creeping through our world of Care?

Rest up, heart, take courage newly,
Let the tempest sometimes cry,
Walk within the shadow wearily,
For questing we by with it be.

NORWOOD;

OR,

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER LII.

THE LAST ENVOYS.

On the 23d day of July, and the third of the complex battle of Gettysburgh, Lee having in vain assaulted the left of the Union line on the day before, determined to break through the centre, and at the same time so enlarge the hold which he had secured upon the extreme Union right, on the eastern slope of Cedar Hill. And Longstreet and Meade attacked the instructive forces which had thus, write yesterday's battle raged in the centre-all left, as it were aslain in on the right, and by eleven o'clock they were driven out, and undisputing and defending Lee's intention of turning the Union right.

A wonderful silence now came over the vast battlefield and brooded for the space of two hours. Birds sang again, though the ground beneath them was covered with unburied men. The rustling of leaves could be heard once more by the men who lay waiting under the trees. But the very silence, that usually brings all thoughts of peace, now sharpened men's ears. It was like that dreadful calm which precedes the burst of storms. Just such it was. As one exhaust it was broken by an uproar as wonderful as had been the silence. Two hundred and thirty-five cannon joined in a charge of death, such as had never been heard upon this continent. Lee had concentrated a hundred and forty-five guns over against the Cemetery Ridge, and Meade replied with eighty guns—all that could be well placed in his narrower space. The other battle before second noiseless compared with this tremendous cannonading. The slopes of Oak Ridge and the swells upon the further side of the valley seemed on fire. Each little hill-top became a volcano. Earth and sky right, runs left, from the centre, battery upon battery, and parks of batteries flamed and thundered. The smoke rolled up white and black-gray, as storm-clouds lit and roll up the sides of mountains. From every direction came the flying missiles—cross-plowing Cemetery Hill with hideous furrows, in which to plant dead men. Shot flew clear over this ridge and immediately behind the hill were reached the graves up. Horses standing between the artillery, in places before scenes, were torn down. Caissons was the discomfort men—missile sounds, for which there were no words. Shot and shell. Solid shot, which is rattled and whirred, or whistled, or sighed, or moaned like the wind. But whatever sound, it was always the same—the sound of death. Solid shot, shell and canister had torn, and bursted, and scattered their missiles. Caissons were scarcely seemed to one thing there is more pow ful, more than pow ful, than the roads and fields have taken a higher tone, now more deep and more terrible. Gunners were the edge of the hill, the men, and the men with batches. Muskets to and its tall crown and half an hour all the fields for men were under cover. Every gun's artillery was elevated to the rebel soldiers crowded with eagerness, while the reverses of the hill with shot and shell. To be sure

the head of Cemetery Ridge, protecting toward the village of Gettysburgh, fell the iron hail, reading the graves and scattering the monuments. Flowers growing on graves were reduced by picked by hurtling fire. Completed the Union fallen at Fair Oaks, and had been brought here for burial, far away from all thought of battle, in this quiet Pennsylvania vale, were still pursued by war, which rudely tore up their graves; and they lay out again the timber of battle-racing above these resting-places, where, it would seem, they should have found peace.

When it had thundered and raised fire for more than two hours, there came moving across the valley fifteen thousand men to take possession of that ridge! As they moved from afar the Union artillery seems to play as they did and bend it. As they drew near, still rent by shot and shell—more ragged, more bare,—there burst upon their right flank a fire of musketry and artillery that quite swept them down in heaps, as the wind upon their centre. Next, their left wing was utterly riddled and routed by the sharpness of the musketry, and the centre was not captured fled and escaped. But the massive centre, with men as brave as ever faced death, stern, deathless, pushed right up to Hancock's line, and mixed with it, but could come no further! Like a ship whose impetus carries it far up upon a shoal, from which it cannot recede when it would, several brigades were dead, by the terrible momentum, so far up, that when from the direction of the centre, and from the artillery on Meade's left wing, they were crossfiddled, while, with much bravery, driven from his left, sent them in front with a fire that pierced like a flame, they yielded themselves up. They had gained more than which they came, but not a victory. The rest shrunk, driven back, broken, shattered by the artillery and scorched with sheets of musketry, got them out of the valley, and across the valley to their lines, whence they should come no more on unfortunate. Many took lingered to go with them lay with pitiful wounds. A thousand that had been wounded were taken in attention-ment, now and never more saved wounded behind, and were left to the mercy of the foe. When the fire went down on that 3d of July, the Union army, with a right wing of fifteen thousand unwounded men and wounded men, but had never more cause of rejoicing for its own anniversary day as now, when all those men themselves as they had suffered and endured wounds to preserve the nation's life when Sunday's re-colored Gettysburg, the 4th of July!

The morning of Saturday, the 4th of July, was one of unusual strength. Lee's corps of Lee's army withdrawn from the town and line-sent's troops immediately took possession.

There also the great list of wounded the Union army. Officers congratulated each other; the men shouted for joy. Generals were cheered. The Army of the Potomac, the victim of misfortune, long always a model of patience and obedience, had at length met their great assignment in a long and severe fight, and was victorious. It feared him. While all were exhilarated with the tremendous victory, the responsible chief of the army experienced a deeper gladness in the accomplishment of his work of life victory to its relation to public affairs. The climax was reached. Henceforward the Confederacy was more and more subject to decline, weakness and extinction.

The work of burying the dead occupied large details of soldiers. The wounded were sought out and conveyed to the rear. Hancock's corps on the right wing from before Round Top and contentrenched while there was any chance of capturing Gettysburgh, there could be no danger in going over on the left and right. Meade's troops did the work. Among the rocks of Round Top and Devil's Den wounded men were found in hollows, still down into gaping chasms, and in the black swamp, and not more wild, shouting in their savage tangle of giant rocks. But it is probable that, after the battle, the conservance by those dark spaces, and that the bones of many yet lie buried in the recesses of those rocks. Scattered around them at scenes of hiding rather than of battle.

The farm-houses were filled with wounded; barns were filled; the fields were filled. For a few days they would have been of sheaves of the harvest-field, but for the unburied men who lay in the feet of wounded men. The town was full, all the houses, all the churches, public halls, the large number of the enemy's wounded, particularly in the hands of the Union surgeons, and the field; the total was reached to be over twenty-five thousand. Among the number of the people had become a great city with hospitals.

The tidings of the victory spreading through the land, and those already to bring hither those who had sent to the field. As fast as they arrived they were distributed, those of the wounded who could be transported were sent away to various cities for better care. The horror of the scene was more than compensated by the nobleness of the deed. As soon as their wounds had been dressed, they were carried to comfortable accommodations. Those not desperately hurt grew quiet and cheerful, and the wives of the farmers living in Gettysburgh, and the wives of the farmers living in the neighborhood, were worthy of the mothers of the sufferers with heroic devotion. But the sympathy and kindness and more of the deepest about the town, manifested neither patriotism nor humanity, nor sympathy every evening, and wrangling and money for a drop of water given to the wounded men who had fallen in the defence of their homes and from!

There are no sentiments more striking than those between human feeling, and the sounds of the atmosphere. On the fourth day of July a joyous sun arose over the sad and sorrowful scene in all quiet well but hush. There was not a sound in all about Barton!

"There comes Hiram," said Rose, "he will do as well. What a brave fellow Hiram is! He has shown more courage, and performed more work, too, in escorting the wounded, than if he had been a soldier. All the soldiers that are not in the ranks."

Something disturbed Hiram Beers this morning. He had little to say and seemed flighty. He picked up things only to put them down, and worked without any purpose. At last, he gave way:

"Tain't no use, Rose; you may's well know it first as last. I've got a letter for you from Barton, and I expect it's the last one you'll ever get from him."

Rose trembled, and, raising herself to her feet, looked kindly and even commandingly at Hiram.

"Hiram, has Barton fallen?"

"I don't know; I'm afeerd so. I can't find words of him. Pete's gone; nobody's seen him to-day. Barton's officers say they saw him fall in a clearey yesterday, and that he didn't come back with his men, and that he must be dead. But we've hunted everywhere for him to-day and can't find it. I was there the night before the last battle. He said something would happen to him in that fight. He felt it. He told me to wait till he wrote this letter. If he got out safe, I was to bring it back to him; but if he was killed, I was to give it to you."

Rose took the letter, and read:

"I have a presentiment, Rose, that something very awful was to happen. If I receive these lines I shall have fallen, and my words will be forgiven as at one dead. Rose, I have vainly tried to conquer that love which has so taken possession of my life as to overcome all other feelings. As early as I can remember I loved you. It has grown with my manhood. It is a part of my being! Not to love you would be not to be myself. When I told you all this, on leaving home, I had hoped for some sympathy; I plead for only a word. My love was not answered or noticed. Perhaps your silence was kind. It was hard to bear. But silence was kind. It was hard to bear. But silence was kind. It was hard to bear. But

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—and I love ! I almost wish it were known. I would that men could see it on my brow, and read it in my eyes. I would that all the world knew him, when they beheld me, mistakenly, hate me his love covers not as with a spotted garment. I would have such confidence in myself that men should say, His love is like a crowning glory—let us not hate it !

"Oh, Rose, I do not understand you. I cannot rise as high as you. My heart is lowly, my soul is dark, my life is gone, and I dare not commune with another. I will not rebuke, murmur, but I cannot. Good is my punishment, and yet I bend.

"Beautiful Alice ! Is he noble to love with an unsullied love ! Not those who have no hope, but those who do not. He was poorer than I, but God gave to love you, then, that you might learn to love greatly and divinely. As for myself, this is the day of my anguish. I will sigh, or sorrow quite all the days of my life. Since God has taken him into heaven, he will accept over all things that the heavens cover, something of his nobleness and honor. You can not be so bright as to me he was; the earth, and all that dwells upon it, shall have new meaning, now ; and every sound that the air bears to me shall be to me, as a part of his voice.

"Rose, I love thee !"

The clouds had been steadily gathering in the sky. Even a haze, then dusk that grew thicker, and a gray that in the sunlight had been a rosily tinged cloud, sent from the white heaven was shaded, and rain began to fall—at first gently, but with increasing quantity, until it poured drearily.

Great battles are said to bring on rain storms. A great rain certainly came on Saturday after the battle. Rock Creek, that had been so shallow that it was easily crossed by the men upon the stones, without wetting the feet, began now to swell, and rise to the coolness. The water grew deeper, and soon began to gather volume. One feather storm after another slowly and steadily came on, and more swelling of the creek, and more down flocks of foam. It filled all the ridges, and began to run in the hollows, and on the wooding come on. That hideous, little stream had become surly and sullen. With heading will it seem all before it, and the usual gentleness that was in its turbulent rush and roar. But the hospital lay upon both banks of the stream, and as the rain soon came on, it was plain that the men must be removed. No time was to be lost. Many of the stream had reached the wounded. Those who could help themselves climbed to the banks with a little further hand, to which the surgeons began to traverse the ranks of the wounded. Whatever help could be got was impressed. Men with stretchers were hard worked by the badly wounded. With all their effort, ten or three, overtaken by the merciless storm, were swept away and drowned. When morning came, a weighty sorrow, dimmed the sunshine, soon upon the further bank being unable for hours to cross to the hospital side. The bridges on the Baltimore pike was overflowed, its planks lifted and floated away. The world was one sea of sin and misery.

With the morning came joy to Rose. On the second day of the battle word had been sent to Gettysburg to the northern cities that another and the enormous accumulation of wounded and sick must be cared for, and need the assistance of the medical corps. To the summons upon the wires, many answered with eminent haste, and among the first a short service in the field, and among the surgeons, Hiram Bloss was sent on Saturday. It was not until Sunday afternoon that he could get to the hospital, and had to search for him. But, not willing even to look the dear friend of his youth over after reaching Gettysburg on the battle-field, he went on Sunday morning, and on Monday and all week. For the two days and two nights did he not be as he could, from the necessities of the occasion, that was the most heroic energy and perseverance of the regular surgeons of the army, working night and day, and all the hospitals were filled to their utmost fullness from the profession abroad. It was three or four days before the first round was completed. In some of the field hospitals the wounded were gathered in such cases, without regard to the side to which they belonged. In other hospitals the Confederates were treated first, and in one case three or four hundred rebel wounded waited in a row for three days before our surgeons could reach their wants. Then, the resistless tide of the Union nurses system were penetrated, and they could not endure the spectacle of suffering which every man died. A strange fatality attended some hospitals. In some places scarcely a wound out to isolation, and every attack proved fatal. Some hospitals were scarcely touched in the battle-field. Of seven hundred men, in one case, who lay flat at first to receive the shock of hundred survived. The poison generated by sickness and wounds when massed together in one are clustered closely in disadvantages. Men fall asleep in the midst of malignant fever. Men fall away like leaves in an October day when once the fatal symptoms appear.

Among the memorials and monuments, the religious and human so discovered, there will be one to the soldiers and officers of the army, some place should be found, somewhere, to the surgeons and nurses, who, so boldly, illustrated the highest virtues of patriotism and humanity in the time of extraordinary need and labor. Often much exposed to the pestilence, with hardships and privations to be endured, brought face to face with all that is terrible and depressing in war, yet with unfailing inseparable devotion, maintaining a desperate fight against death, without flinching, under the natural excitements which carry men through battles, the surgeons of the army were found to be ranked with the foremost soldiers. Not a with time is due to that noble army of men who, without fee or reward, devoted themselves unwearingly, from the beginning of the war to the end, to the sick and wounded soldiers, and to the social and moral improvement of the men they were well. It is computed that first and last two thousand women, chiefly from the better homes of refinement and comfort, accepted very hardship of the field and the march, of the camp and of the hospital, with a heroism not surpassed by the soldiers. Women could not give them the inspiration of love and duty, and brought to the camps the remembrance of home to the hospital the softer graces of humanity ; and everywhere a spirit of self-devotion and fidelity, that shone like a rainbow upon a sorrowing cloud of war.

It seems fit, therefore, that among the lasting memories of a nation's gratitude some recognition should be given to this fourth great army of the war, and to those who, not formally set for the Government of the Nation, in the Capitol, to nurse a mourning, and heal its bleeding.

THE HEROIC SURGEONS AND THE NOBLE WOMEN

OF THE

LAID DOWN THEIR LIVES FOR THE NATION !

CHAPTER LIII.

THE MOONLIT CHASE.

The tidings which Hiram Bloss brought to Barstow's friends will require us to go back a day or two, and to trace the events connected with Burton Callcart's fate.

No one who saw the calmness and cheerfulness with which Burton awaited the furious charge of Pickett upon the left centre of the Union line, on Friday afternoon, would dream that he was sad or foreboding. It was not the darkness of despondency or pain. Coming events seemed to him to cast their shadows over him. But there was in him very premonitions of combat. The united certainly grew calmness, and his Christian spirit was sustained by confidence. The night before he had, as we have already learned, committed Edith to God, and there was also had made every arrangement with Pete, to secure to his darling such help after his own might become precious in their sight. Pete, with a sagacity peculiar to himself, was versed in efficiencies by the felicity. He took good care of the two horses, and knew that Callcart was to danger; then he almost lost sense of his own peril in his anxiety for his master.

When the grand charge of Pickett's corps had ended, and Callcart expended his force, was thrown back, he looked upon its overwhelmed ranks with a fire, so that he could not be fired, as he thought he might endure. Hundreds dropped their muskets and fled upon the ground to escape the sweep of fire. A thousand men were captured. Many wounded and dying lay upon the open field, broken up into small bodies. The utter destruction of this, the finest of the rebel army, might have been accomplished had Meade possessed reserves of fresh troops, and had several brilliant charges were made. It was in such a charge that Burton Callcart was wounded, and fell, and then, separated from his men, he found himself in the midst of the rebel ranks. He had borne away in the midst of the retreating masses. He was not taken prisoner, but was borne again his own side, but a hopeless one. He had kept his right arm still firmly upon him, and he was swept away across the Emmitsburg road, and into the fields beyond. Here he was speedily sent to the rear. He was not a captive, but he was hurried away from his wounds, and mingling with some surgeons upon his case. He was in the midst of the presentment mount ? Was it only wounds and captivity, or death ?

But, though at first he felt this relief, every hour, as the night, which followed the battle, he felt the fate of prisoners in southern prisons, and increased his thoughts of the consequences of the wounds.

When the morning dawned on Saturday, July 4, his spirits had fallen low. The excitement of the battle was over, and he was left to reflect upon that utter stalling of the spirits which these in the midst of the battle. He was in a tent, with two others sick and down there was a space, more than a hundred feet, between him and the next tent. He looked, without much weight spirits, that space, and thought that it was the space of the universe.

All day Lee was sending back his routed army, and preparing to retreat. But he depended on a second attack. It soon began raining, and continued all night. Pete began to be uneasy about his master. As the ambulance in which he was carried was not returned, he went to the Sanitary Commission, and found that it had been sent to the rear. The guards near the ambulance had been withdrawn, and the whole attention of the Union troops

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A MALE COQUETTE.

BY RUTHELLA SCHULTZ.

Young, genial, gay, of mature tact,
With eyes of analogic glory,
And lips a vision, with a wondrous grace,
Can tell a volume story;
And tones of music, and of love,
Are in the listener's ear;
Winning the maiden's trusting heart,
Hearing all and no one hear!

I pray not time for another bud
Like this shall ever bloom,
And carefully she comes back
Her starting, pulse him;
She can restrain his tender glance
With innocent surprise;
Looks grave when he is nattered,
Laughs lightly when he sighs.

Not so—not so, you trusting girl,
Confiding, artless, young,
She knows not of the tangled net
His arts have twined her along.
His finely woven fair insight has teeth
Which will not let you go,
And then his arms encircling her,
His sincerity with woe.

As he recognizes his life secret
When victory's date runs high,
At last you yield the longed for heart
Before a minister's eye!
Long live the fair and wise who, at last,
Shall wind her into assured bliss!
Joy to the maid in whose behalf
The shaft of love shall wound him!

THE YOUNG ACTRESS.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Is it really and actually a fact, Felix Arden?"

James Clay, sitting with his boots on the rail of the fire, balcony, almost actually incredulous for once in his life,—a state of mind that did not obtain with the gentleman at his every-day life. James Clay transacted all his little affairs and relations on the full and comfortable principle, and found it work amazingly well.

"Well, I should say it was a fact, James Clay, ball, handsome young man, with dark blue eyes, and hair to match, and a face like the ancient Antinous, with a pleasant smile to offset."

"Plenty of 'em!" responded Clay, still with an enthusiasm foreign to his nature. "She is a little pearl, Felix Arden,—a jewel to stake on my soul's salvation! Where in a lucky fellow to have won her!"

"Well, I suppose I am," said Arden, reflectively stroking down his long moustache, "I never gain to be a married man—in fact, I hadn't any idea of giving up my bachelor freedom just yet; and as for Flora Winter has proved too much for me; by Jove! those blue eyes of hers fairly overpower me to 'count my sons—and the rest I knew, I was at her feet."

Clay looked at his friend, at him; he did not like the idea of Arden's speaking to anybody.

"I hope you are not beginning to repent it?" he said, with some anxiety.

"Repent it? No, by Jove! only, you know, it's rather rough on a fellow to give up his bachelor's rogue supper, and his bachelor boating parties, and his bachelor freedom, for a girl who is only two beautiful, I don't think I should have been tempted."

"Arden," said Clay, biting his lip, and with a curious white cloud across his brow, indicative of strong, suppressed passion "stop just where you are!"

"Eh?"

"Just where you are," repeated James, "or, by my soul, I shall be tempted to plunge you out of the window; and then you know!" he added, relapsing once more into his ordinary languid tone, "would be such a degree of a bore!"

Arden laughed.

"What a queer fellow you are, Jim! And, by the way, have you been to the private theatricals each of the house of Flora's friend, Mrs. Grimwicke, next week? Flora is to do Juliet; Harry Grimwicke does Romeo?"

Miss Winter stands in the historic art. then?"

"Exactly! she's the nearest little actress you ever saw. She would have been a perfect Siddon, if she had lived in the days of the stage?"

"Indeed?"

"And speaking of the stage, suppose we go to the theatre to-night?"

"Ought you not rather to devote yourself to your fair fiancee?"

"Why, no," said Felix, netting his collar with an air of heroic self-mortification, "I've thought it best, for a little while, to keep her into the way of expecting me every evening. I intend to make her wish to begin as we intend to go on. She's very charming of course, and at that, she's a woman, and it may be a comfort to give up his whole time to any woman?"

"Then you will go to the play with a satisfied conscience?"

"I'll call for you then as a quarter to eight?"

"At a quarter to eight, then!"

And when Felix Arden was gone, Clay rose and walking up and down the room with both hands and downcast eyes.

"Bravest!" he murmured to himself, "that she should fancy a fair like this! Truly woman nature is a highly deeper and more incomprehensible than that of the olden sphinx. She is a puzzle—a pearl of price—like no one. Well, she has made her choice, and I have but to keep my own heart to be happy. Poor Flora!"

And James Clay resolutely set himself to work to crush down the swell of bitterness that were bubbling up from the depths of his very inmost, deep nature.

"Am I so selfish that her happiness will not content me?" he asked himself sternly. "If so, the sooner I find myself out of the way so as her sweet eyes and smiles the better."

Flora Winter was a very pretty girl.

You would have said so yourself could you have seen her sitting among the bright and bloom gild of the September sunset, with cheeks like the pink of the wild rose, and every fold of her accompanying wind seemed to bring out new beauties, delicate, and self-made, she was delightful, but a genuine, industrial, heroic-hearted and devoted woman, as well as a pretty girl.

You would have said so yourself could you have seen her sitting among the bright and bloom gild of the September sunset, with cheeks like the pink of the wild rose, and every fold of her accompanying wind seemed to bring out new beauties, delicate, and self-made, she was delightful, but a genuine, industrial, heroic-hearted and devoted woman, as well as a pretty girl.

"I may as well die at once from this effort as from starvation, which is actually incurred in the case if I lost my engagement."

She rose and began pacing the room, with trembling hands, to subject the hasty nausea of her nervous system, half; but, almost on the same instant, she sat down again, pale and exhausted, her head drooping on Flora's shoulder.

"Oh! Flora, Flora, I cannot. I am too weak to act to-night."

"Let me see Mr. Thornhill for you, Mildred," said Miss Winter, with a ready tact.

"It will do no good, Flora," sighed Mildred, "I am ill, all the worse for it. What is his address?"

"It will be at the theatre at this time of day."

"Then I will go there."

"Your nervous excitement shook her head despondingly; but Flora rose.

"I will go for you, then, as hurry to the experiment," she said, firmly. "Barbara, do you see that Miss Mildred has a glass of wine and some until she hears from me."

Miss Flora, followed the dreadful as she drew Flora face down to her own pallid lips, "I shall depend upon your bringing a message from you"

"Certainly," said Flora, lightly. "I have not yet forgotten our school-days, Miss, when I was a poor, homeless, friendless girl, and you were the good genius of my life."

She kissed Mildred her footsteps resolutely toward the great theatre, with which her only acquaintance was that of a humble visitor to the box-house flowers, and delicious little entertainments behind the scenes.

Mr. Truehl was in, and Miss Winter was conducted with a servile bowing deference to the manager's private room, where he sat at a desk covered with papers, and looking very busy.

"Mr. Truehl," said Flora, with a voice that said, when she spoke, "I have been sent here by a friend to see you on business of importance."

"Then you will keep your self, Miss Winter," he said, "for I have no time to do so. My theatre can't stand still while I attend to the business of my friends. I don't have an Opheria, or we break down. Call to-morrow, and I will see your friend."

"She is very ill, Mr. Truehl,"

"I wish I could see that I was possibly diseases with her services," said the stony-hearted manager, looking up.

Flora stood still a moment; then she spoke out.

"It is only for this one night that the services of Miss Mildred are required."

"Only for this one night, ma'am. Miss Hen would be very much obliged."

"I will take the part of Ophelia for you, Mr. Truehl."

The manager called incredulously.

"You, Miss Winter?"

"No, I am in earnest. I have often acted in private theatricals with Mrs. Grimwicke."

"I am so stranger to Miss Winter's fame as an actress to accept your offer," he said, more politely courteously, "and if she insists on this very night's performance, I shall have only to say that I shall consider her a very excellent substitute for the part of Miss Mildred."

Five minutes later a note was dispatched to Miss Mildred's address, from Miss Winter's desk, and she herself was in the "first flight" dressing room, arranging the folds of her white drapery, and eyes full of a certain exultant light, in the anticipation of a triumphant success as Ophelia.

She looked on the stage—would she ever forget it?—the gas-lights, the waiting footlights—the auditorium with its clusters on clusters of lighted, expectant faces—the sound of the orchestra, as, then above them, parted towards her? For one moment, as the curtain rose, a feeling of faintness seemed to pause within her veins; but she mastered it, and when Miss Winter as "Mildred," as Mildred," and moved forward with renewed confidence.

The acting of "Ophelia" that night was more than good; it was splendid. The audience seemed to hang entranced on the words of the young actress, and when Flora Winter had left her own identity in that of the love-stricken girl, the applause was almost unanimous.

In the frenzied row of the orchestra stalls sat a young gentleman, with a certain elegance in their glasses as the young actress glided forward, and who had watched the rise of the curtain in perfect silence, although a curious expression of surprise had passed over his face as he first understand broadly.

"By Jove!" he muttered, under his breath, "it's Flora Winter! James—do you see?"

A certain Mr. Felix Arden, a young companion's calm reply, "and very fine acting she is giving us."

"But look here, I my," pursued Arden, pointing to the stage, "that's Flora Winter!"

"Flora Winter!" repeated Clay, in a tone of astonishment on the public boards—by Jove, it is! Then she was engaged!" And I supposed she was an heiress. Old Seamour always said she was. Well, she's a splendid actress, by Jove, and here's the clue to it!" An actress! I'll die before I'll marry an actress!"

"Do?" and his companion, sonorously.

"Flora Winter, you are a fool!" said Arden, between, don't you see? It's confoundedly underhand, and I've been grossly deceived in some way."

"Will you be silent?" demanded Clay, turning indignantly and sternly upon him.

And Arden relapsed into silence, muttering that "he didn't know Jim was so much interested in a play as that at the fifth."

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"I called, ladies," said that gentleman, seemingly to every one but Flora, "to ask Miss Thwarte last night, where it means Miss Winter came her old friend. I am surprised, indeed, that I should have been so deceived. I consider you, Mrs. Grimwicke, quite as much to blame as Miss Winter, in—in countenancing such an unbecoming deception. I am quite myself aware from the engagement into which I have been inveigled by—by—"

Flora had listened quietly, although the color came and went in her fair cheek like flying apple-blossoms in May, and when at length he ceased speaking she calmly inclined her head and answered:

"Mr. Arden, you are perfectly right."

"May I speak now?" quietly asked Mr. Clay of his friend.

"Then may I beg leave to express my regret at the part you have taken in this unfortunate affair, and my desire to withdraw myself from the engagement into which I have been inveigled by—by—"

"Flora!"

"Flora!" said Flora, lightly. "I have not yet forgotten our school-days, Miss, when I was a poor, homeless, friendless girl, and you were the good genius of my life."

She kissed Mildred her footsteps resolutely toward the great theatre, with which her only acquaintance was that of a humble visitor to the box-house flowers, and delicious little entertainments behind the scenes.

Mr. Truehl was in, and Miss Winter was conducted with a servile bowing deference to the manager's private room, where he sat at a desk covered with papers, and looking very busy.

"Mr. Truehl," said Flora, with a voice that said, when she spoke, "I have been sent here by a friend to see you on business of importance."

"Then you will keep your self, Miss Winter," he said, "for I have no time to do so. My theatre can't stand still while I attend to the business of my friends. I don't have an Opheria, or we break down. Call to-morrow, and I will see your friend."

"She is very ill, Mr. Truehl,"

"I wish I could see that I was possibly diseases with her services," said the stony-hearted manager, looking up.

Flora stood still a moment; then she spoke out.

"It is only for this one night that the services of Miss Mildred are required."

"Only for this one night, ma'am. Miss Hen would be very much obliged."

"I will take the part of Ophelia for you, Mr. Truehl."

The manager called incredulously.

"You, Miss Winter?"

"No, I am in earnest. I have often acted in private theatricals with Mrs. Grimwicke."

"I am so stranger to Miss Winter's fame as an actress to accept your offer," he said, more politely courteously, "and if she insists on this very night's performance, I shall have only to say that I shall consider her a very excellent substitute for the part of Miss Mildred."

Five minutes later a note was dispatched to Miss Mildred's address, from Miss Winter's desk, and she herself was in the "first flight" dressing room, arranging the folds of her white drapery, and eyes full of a certain exultant light, in the anticipation of a triumphant success as Ophelia.

She looked on the stage—would she ever forget it?—the gas-lights, the waiting footlights—the auditorium with its clusters on clusters of lighted, expectant faces—the sound of the orchestra, as, then above them, parted towards her? For one moment, as the curtain rose, a feeling of faintness seemed to pause within her veins; but she mastered it, and when Miss Winter as "Mildred," as Mildred," and moved forward with renewed confidence.

The acting of "Ophelia" that night was more than good; it was splendid. The audience seemed to hang entranced on the words of the young actress, and when Flora Winter had left her own identity in that of the love-stricken girl, the applause was almost unanimous.

In the frenzied row of the orchestra stalls sat a young gentleman, with a certain elegance in their glasses as the young actress glided forward, and who had watched the rise of the curtain in perfect silence, although a curious expression of surprise had passed over his face as he first understand broadly.

"By Jove!" he muttered, under his breath, "it's Flora Winter! James—do you see?"

A certain Mr. Felix Arden, young companion's calm reply, "and very fine acting she is giving us."

"But look here, I my," pursued Arden, pointing to the stage, "that's Flora Winter!"

"Flora Winter!" repeated Clay, in a tone of astonishment on the public boards—by Jove, it is! Then she was engaged!" And I supposed she was an heiress. Old Seamour always said she was. Well, she's a splendid actress, by Jove, and here's the clue to it!" An actress! I'll die before I'll marry an actress!"

"Do?" and his companion, sonorously.

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The village gossips all shook their heads when the Deacon's household was seen to be in motion.

"If he don't fall from grace, I guess it won't be because he has not been sorely tried," whispered Goody Dexter to Mrs. Woodruff, who spoke in answer, and compassionately murmured:

"Poor man! it is his time of life, too!"

The morning after the Deacon was fully established in his luxurious domain he arose joyously.

His first look out of doors revealed a state of things peculiarly irritating to the agricultural mind.

Some fence-rails were down, and old Simon's cows, come to market, were placidly feeding on his turnip-patch.

The Deacon was to rush out upon the intruders and immediately impound them; but to gain the decorous attitude of a man who rules his family little, and deliberately opened it in search of a coat for the morning's occupation. He read:

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

There was no trace of anger in the deacon's face, as he gravely drew out the trespassing animals and replaced the bars previous to summoning the family to prayers.

He was somewhat astonishing the offense he was repeated, and each time with the same result.

The cows were driven out of old Simon, and by the most friendly manner, directed his attention to the dilapidated fence.

The cows drove out of pasture again; but the damage of deacon's front yard was made devastated by large heaps of garbage, which were regularly flung from the adjoining premises. Remonstrance, sulky, were utterly deserted, till he was obliged to keep a strict watch upon them.

Numerous other petty depredations and annoyances succeeded, somewhat to the injury of the deacon's property, and a tribe for the forbearance of his gaiety and decorous benevolence.

It was the object of their enemies to try and flame the good man's temper, he seemed in danger of losing it.

Mr. Woods—gave up remonstrating with his unpleasant neighbor but, when they chose to be treated him with the same unvarying friendliness.

One day, on returning from work, he found Simon in a towering rage. Old Simon had left his premises.

"I shall down on his grass-arbor, and had been doomed in a voracious trespasser.

"I have given him warning, and he has not taken any notice of it. Why didn't you keep him off?" he said, in a manner hardly civil, as he then flung the vision, fuming and bleeding, from the arbor.

That was too much even for the deacon's long practiced spirit of forbearance.

He was about to seek old Simon himself, and, looking him his eyes, and speak to his dwelling, and, looking him his eyes, and say something.

"Wait and see," was the answer.

He passed the night in prayer, and the next morning, with a small voice within him seemed to whisper:

If the sun went down that evening on the deacon's wrath, the rising morning saw him placid and patient as ever.

He determined to make no present notice of the wanton outrage.

The day passed, and silence was setted with a sudden and severe sickness.

The sun was the time for the deacon to resort to the weapon of which he had boasted.

Before the sun had risen the deacon began to fear their way to old Simon, who had no one to protect them now but him, his wife having died long ago, and no woman being since found willing to take the place of mistress to the house of so ill a master.

It was almost every day; the deacon would visit him, and, taking a seat by his sick bed, endeavor to cheer his home of gloom, and bring his thoughts to rest on higher things than were to occupy them.

At first he was rudely repulsed, then barely tolerated, then received gratefully, and, at last, humbly, warmly welcomed.

Old Simon, who latterly allowed to accompany her father, always hearing some little gift for the sick man, which he bestowed with a timid grace.

He got well, and lived many years after—a kind, friendly neighbor, a benefactor, to others; but, to Deacon Woods, the best of friends, a friend still, till he died.

When this event took place, having no near relations, he was found to have left the whole property to Charity Woods—to the world at large—as a recompense for the wrongs he had done to the deacon's property, and the slight which he had put upon his daughter, as she had done it to him in the lonely old age.

HUMANITY TO INFERIOR ANIMALS.

The man who is not kind to his own fellow-creatures is not likely to be kind to the lower animals. Cruelty to creatures which are dependent upon man for their comfort and existence, is always a sign of weakness. Strength generates forbearance. Strength appreciates enjoying the same blessing in a greater degree—for Nature "feeds the lambs" and reason told him that he was counteracting the laws of God and humanity when he put a bridle on the horse that was to be driven, or tied wounded escaped, and he knew that there was no purpose to save the wound, or protect it against the patient—for misery doth part the flux of human and brute," and the sufferings of dog—the struck bird—which is shot and flutters to the ground—are the same. One day Spiritualized and dead to drive, with from his hand, and the dog, which had been severely wounded, ran away, and chased the wagon in pieces, jarring the wounded dog, and causing him great suffering.

A wounded bird recently escaped from her cage, and was found in the street, with a wing wrung with a tuner on the same night, each being of the same species, and each having been wounded by the same person.

Two horses, belonging to a gentleman of Wayne, Ill., were found in the pasture, with their throats cut, and left to bleed to death. They had gone to the pasture together, and were found there dead. The gentleman had no enemies, and the horses were not stolen, and the thus maliciously perished.

Two cows were found in the United States by way of New Orleans, and in working its way up the Mississippi River, it was found that the boat had used a proclamation a few days ago announcing that the Government had died of cholera in the City of Mexico.

A Tennesseean built a fire under a cow to make her move, and the creature died of the heat. A man in Ohio, who had a dispute with the plant on account, and the owner of the latter, in order to get even with the former, drove his cattle into the field of corn, and they destroyed $1,000 worth of it.

Accounts from Ireland report that a terrible destruction of Sheep has occurred since the end of August, so terrible as to nearly reduced, with no adequate cause, and a diseased appearance of the lungs and liver.

Cholera is fast becoming epidemic in Europe. During the month of August 30,000 people were thus carried off in Russia, 10,000 in Austria, 3,000 in Prussia, 2,000 in Italy, and the recovery of 212,212 cases reported.

WIT AND HUMOR.

An anti-tobacconist in addressing a company of sailors warned them against chewing and smoking the vile weed, and then, sweet look of pity, said, however moderately it was indulged in. "Avast there!" exclaimed an old salt, "I have a good deal more than anybody." "What is it?" sharply asked the lecturer. "Why, a quid of tobacco in each cheek," was the astounding reply, and a flood of laughter.

The great Duke of Marlborough passing the gate of the Prince of Orange, the latter said to him, "my wife—How do you do, my lord duke? I believe your good face was born in a good hit in the kingdom." "I believe, my friend," replied the duke, with surprise, "that it is the only thing I ever was."

"I say Bill," exposed the other; "can I have been in Australia?"

An Irish woman called at the grocery the other day and asked for a pound of candles. The storekeeper sold, and was paid for a pound. Biddy then asked for another quart to be put into the same basket. "And why not ask for a half-pound into mine with it?" said the grocer. "Oh! those your side bit of a soul," answered she, "*Arra for see yer.*"

A corps of children were boasting of their respective relatives, when one of them, a little girl of five years, being appealed to, said: "Well, my father is a Congregationalist." "Well, mother, and my father is a Methodist." "Well, mother, and my father is a Baptist." "Well, mother, and my father is a Presbyterian." "Well, mother, and my father is a Universalist." "Well, mother, and my father is a Unitarian." "Well, mother, and my father is a Catholic." "Well, mother, and my father is a Jew." "Well, mother, and my father is a Quaker." "Well, mother, and my father is a Shaker." "Well, mother, and my father is a Mormon." "Well, mother, and my father is a Spiritualist

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1867.

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ROBERT BONNER, Publisher,
No. 90 Beekman street, New York.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE.

By HORACE GREELEY.

No. XIII.

POLITICS.

An eager, omnivorous reader, especially of newspapers, from early childhood, I was an ardent politician when not yet half old enough to vote. I heartily sympathized with the Northern uprising against the admission of Missouri as a Slave State, and in the disappointment and chagrin so widely felt when that uprising was circumvented and defeated by what was called a Compromise. I think few of us blamed the Southern politicians for their share in our defeat; but the score of Northern Senators and Representatives who (as we thought) betrayed us, were thenceforth marked men, and few indeed of them were ever again successful aspirants to popular favor.

When, in 1824, the country was freshly agitated and divided, after several years of general calm, by the nomination of William H. Crawford, of Georgia, for President, in a caucus attended by less than a third of the Members of Congress—considerably less than half of those who were chosen by the dominant party—all New England became zealously anti-Caucus, and her electoral vote was cast solid for John Quincy Adams; there being no serious opposition among the masses, though several of her leading politicians and hitherto most influential journals were vehemently for Crawford. The choice of Adams for President in Congress by the help of Mr. Clay and his friends, suited us exactly, and all the more that Mr. Clay was eminently National in his views and feelings, a leading champion of Internal Improvements, Protection to Home Industry, and every good work. But the hostile combination soon thereafter formed of the lately warring supporters of Jackson, Crawford and Calhoun respectively, did not please us at all; Calhoun especially—having been a National man, a supporter of Protection, River and Harbor Improvement, &c., while in Congress, and having been generally sustained by our section for Vice-President—was regarded, up our way, as a renegade from principle for office and power. The fierce personal warfare waged upon Adams and Clay for their alleged coalition, by and in full view of this hostile combination, excited our wrath and scorn; but this did not overbear the fact that their three factions united were an overmatch for our two; and, as Crawford died soon after Adams's accession, they were enabled to achieve what would now-a-days be called a close connection by running Jackson for President with Calhoun for Vice-President. We ought to have countered this by nominating Clay with Adams, or (better still) by having Adams decline a reëlection and running Clay for President with Walter Forward, of Pennsylvania, or Smith Thompson, of New York, for Vice-President; but everything went wrong with us: the death of De Witt Clinton consolidated many of his personal followers with their life-long adversaries in the support of Jackson for President with Van Buren for Governor of New York; our nomination of Richard Rush, of Pennsylvania, for Vice-President was injudicious, and gave us no strength; and our reasonable hopes that the Tariff question would secure us Ohio with Kentucky, and give us a fair chance for Pennsylvania, were blighted by the tactics of our antagonists: Van Buren, Silas Wright, Buchanan, the Jackson delegations from Pennsylvania, Ohio and Kentucky in solid column, with all but two or three members from New York, uniting (in 1828) to frame and pass the highest and most Protective Tariff that had ever been proposed, over the votes of a majority of the Adams men from New England. Outmanœuvered on every side, we were clearly foredoomed to defeat; the loss of Mr. Clay's own Kentucky was a blow for which her preceding election of Members to Congress had partly prepared us, though we carried, by a close vote, her Governor (Metcalf) in the spirited August election of this year; but Indiana and even Ohio went with her, though we had carried the latter in her State election scarcely a month before the popular vote for President. Louisiana, too, voted for Jackson, though with us in her preceding State contest; New York (then choosing electors by districts) gave Adams but 16 votes to 20 for his opponent; and so we were badly beaten, carrying but 84 electors, while Jackson—having every vote below the Potomac and west of the Alleghanies—had more than double that number.

In the succeeding Presidential contest, (1832,) we had scarcely a chance. Anti-Masonry had divided us, and driven thousands of Adams men over to Jackson, whose personal popularity was very great, especially with the non-reading class, and who had strengthened himself at the North by his Tariff Messages and his open rupture with Calhoun. New Hampshire and Maine had already gone over to him; Vermont voted for Wirt, the Anti-Masonic candidate; Ohio, distracted by Anti-Masonry, went again for Jackson; New-York (now choosing electors by general ticket) went solid for him, with Pennsylvania, and even New Jersey: so that Mr. Clay, though carrying his own Kentucky, made but a sorry figure in the electoral aggregate. Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Delaware, and part of Maryland, (by districts,) were all the States that voted for him, save his own.

South Carolina now threw away her vote for President on John Floyd, of Virginia, and proceeded to nullify the Tariff, which had just been somewhat reduced—in part, to placate her. But Van Buren had been substituted for Calhoun as Vice-President, and she would not be placated. Her Nullification was abandoned rather than suppressed, and this only after the main point had been virtually yielded to her by a graduated reduction of the Tariff throughout the next ten years to a purely Revenue standard. Though overborne, she was practically triumphant. Mr. Clay proposed the Compromise Tariff, that gave her ample excuse for receding from her untenable position; but only after it had been rendered certain that a more immediate and sweeping reduction of the Tariff, already reported by Mr. Verplanck, from the Committee of Ways and Means, would be carried if this were forborne. So the land had peace again for a brief season.

The United States Bank war, which soon followed, had already been inaugurated by Gen. Jackson's imperious will. Early in his first term, he had been prompted to require the removal of Jeremiah Mason, President of the branch at Portsmouth, N. H., who was obnoxious to his leading friends in that State. He was not gratified. Though the first charter of the Bank would not expire till 1836, he demonstrated against its renewal so early as 1830; telling Congress that the question should be promptly acted on, so that arrangements might seasonably be made, in case it should not be rë-chartered, for supplying its place as a financial agent of the Government and a commercial convenience to the people. A Jackson Congress, in due time, took the matter in hand, and, in 1832, voted a renewal of the charter, by large majorities in either House. The bill was vetoed, and the Veto Message complained that the act of rë-chartering was premature! That Congress, prior to its final adjournment, heard vaguely that the President intended to remove the deposits of public money from the detested Bank; whereupon the House voted, by three to one, that they ought *not* to be removed.

William J. Duane, of Pennsylvania, was then Secretary of the Treasury. The President required him to remove the deposits. He declined. Jackson thereupon removed *him*, appointing in his stead Roger B. Taney, of Maryland, who proceeded at once to do his master's bidding. When a new Congress assembled (December, 1833,) the Federal deposits, as they accrued, were being dispersed among a multiplicity of State banks—the least able being of course the most needy and clamorous for a share of the pap, on the strength of their directors' professed devotion to the Administration and its "revered chief."

I have always—at least since I read Dr. Franklin's autobiography, more than forty years ago—been an advocate of paper money. But I want it to be *money*—convertible at pleasure into coin—not printed lies, even though they fail to deceive. From 1818 up to 1830, this country suffered from a dearth of money. Tens of thousands were unwillingly idle from month to month, who would have been usefully and profitably employed had the country been blest with an adequate circulating medium. Comparatively few houses were built in those years, because of the scarcity of money, which palsied enterprise and petrified labor. As a journeyman, I could rarely find work in the country, because there was so little money; and, on coming to the city, I found that the payments by master mechanics to their men were mainly made in "uncurrent" notes of State banks, which must often, if not generally, be taken to a broker and "shaved" before they would pay board or buy groceries. The consequent loss was something; the inevitable bother and vexation were a far greater nuisance. A paper currency everywhere current, everywhere convertible into coin, was my ideal; hence, I was not partial to local emissions of paper, but a zealous, determined advocate of a National Bank.

The United States Bank, being required to pay over the millions it held on deposit for the Government, receiving no more, began of course to contract its loans. It could do no otherwise; especially as an attempt, evidently inspired, had been made by Jackson brokers to break its branch at Savannah by quietly collecting a large quantity of its notes and presenting them at once for payment, hoping that they could not all be met, and that it might thereupon be claimed that the Bank had failed. It was charged by its adversaries that the contraction consequent upon the removal of the Deposits was too rapid and too great; in fact, that its purpose was the creation of commercial distress and panic. This may have been; but a very decided contraction by that Bank was inevitable; and it could have pursued no course that did not expose it to accusation and reproach. I presume it struggled for its life, as most of us would do, if assailed with deadly intent. With the Removal of the Deposits, its power to regulate the currency lapsed, and its duty as well. Those Banks to which the Government had transferred its funds and its favors should unitedly have assumed and exercised the functions of a regulator, or confessed their inability.

As the pressure for money increased, the political elements were lashed to fury, and our city, the focus of American Commerce, became the arena of a fierce electioneering struggle. Hitherto the Jackson ascendancy had, since the death of De Witt Clinton, been so decided, that our charter elections had been but languidly and formally contested; but the stirring debates daily received from Washington, the strivings of merchants and banks to avert bankruptcy, the daily tightening of the money market, and the novel hopes of success inspired in the breasts of those who now took the name of "Whigs," (to indicate their repugnance to unauthorized assumptions of Executive power,) rendered New York for some weeks a boiling caldron of political passions. Our three days' election (April, 1834) was the most vehement and keenly-contested struggle which I ever witnessed. Our city was then divided into fifteen Wards, with but one poll to each Ward; and I should estimate the average attendance on each poll at little less than one thousand. I am certain that I saw the masses surrounding the IVth and VIth Ward polls respectively (then but two or three blocks apart) so mingled that you could not say where the one ended and the other began. There were some fights, of course, and one general collision in the VIth Ward that might have resulted in deplorable bloodshed; but peace was soon restored. In the event, the Jacksonites elected their Mayor—Cornelius W. Lawrence—over the Whig candidate—Gulian C. Verplanck—by 384 majority, which was less than their overplus of voters naturalized on the last day of the poll. The total vote was nearly 35,000, which was probably a closer approach to the whole number of legal voters than was ever drawn out before or since. The Whigs carried both branches of the Common Council, giving them the control of most of the city patronage: so that the result was generally and justly regarded as a drawn battle.

We printed a daily campaign penny paper, entitled *The Constitution*, through most of that year, and I was a free contributor to its columns, though its editor and publisher was Mr. Achilles R. Crain, who died some thirty years ago. It did not pay, and the firm of Greeley & Winchester were losers by it, counting my editorial assistance worth nothing. William H. Seward, then 34 years old, and just closing with distinction a four years' term in the State Senate, was our candidate for Governor, with Silas M. Stillwell for Lieutenant; and we fondly hoped to carry the State in the November election. But meantime the State Banks wherein the Federal Revenue was deposited ("Pet Banks," we Whigs termed them) had been enabled to effect an enormous expansion of their loans and issues, and the country—not yet feeling the Tariff reductions which the Compromise of 1833 had barely inaugurated—was launched on the flood of a factitious but pleasing semblance of prosperity. Money was abundant; every one had employment who wanted and pay if he earned it; property was rapidly appreciating in value; factories and furnaces had full work, and were doing well; so, when the Fall election came, we made a gallant fight, but were badly defeated—Marcy being reëlected Governor over Seward by some 13,000 majority—more than he had over Granger in 1832—and the Whigs, beaten pretty generally and decisively, relapsed into a torpor whence they were scarcely aroused by the ensuing Presidential Election, wherein Gen. Harrison was made their candidate for President, with Francis Granger for Vice-President, while Hugh L. White of Tennessee ran for President, with John Tyler of Virginia for Vice-President, on an independent ticket which contested the South with the Jackson regulars, who alone held a National Convention, in which they nominated Martin Van Buren for President, with Colonel Richard M. Johnson of Kentucky for Vice. I was among the very few in the Eastern States who had taken any interest in bringing forward Gen. Harrison as a candidate, believing that there was the raw material for a good run in his history and character; but this was not generally credited, at least in our State, which, in a languid contest on a light vote, was carried for Van Buren, Johnson and Marcy by some 28,000 majority. When, however, the returns from other States came pouring in, and it was found that Gen. Harrison had carried, with Vermont only of the New England States, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky, and had barely failed to carry Pennsylvania, while White had carried Tennessee and Georgia, barely failing in North Carolina and in two or three South-Western States, and that Virginia had refused her vote to Johnson, so that he had failed of an election by the people, and had to be chosen over Granger by the Senate, there was a general waking up to the conviction that either Harrison was more popular or Van Buren more obnoxious than had been supposed in our State, and that the latter might have been beaten by seasonable concert and effort. In that slouching Whig defeat of 1836 lay the germ of the overwhelming Whig triumph of 1840.

INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON.

BY JAMES PARTON.

The first Congress, under the present Constitution, met in the City of New York on the Fourth of March, 1789. That, at least, was the day appointed for its meeting; but when the hour had arrived, it was found that, out of twenty-six Senators, only eight were present, and of a numerous House of Representatives but fourteen members were in their seats. Both Houses adjourned from day to day, and it was not until the sixth of April that a quorum of both Houses was present.

The first business in order, after the organization, was the counting of the votes for President and Vice-President, and thus to ascertain who it was whom the people had elected to set the new government in motion. The Constitution then required that the person who had received the highest number of electoral votes should be the President, and the person who received the next highest number should be the Vice-President. For the first office there was nothing that resembled competition. Not only was every electoral vote cast for General Washington, but, so far as is known, he was the choice of every individual voter in every State of the Union.

When we look over the list of those who received votes for the Vice-Presidency, we cannot but be struck with the transitory nature of political fame. Who has ever heard of an American politician by the name of John Milton? Yet John Milton was a man of sufficient prominence in the United States, in 1789, to receive two electoral votes for the Vice-Presidency. One Edward Telfair received a vote. Who was Telfair? These two persons are so completely forgotten that their names are not even mentioned in the Biographical Dictionaries. Among the other persons, nearly forgotten, who received votes for this office, we find Benjamin Lincoln, James Armstrong, Robert H. Harrison, Samuel Huntingdon, and John Rutledge. The candidate elected was John Adams, who received thirty-four votes. John Jay received nine votes and John Hancock four votes, and the rest were scattered among the unknown names just mentioned.

When the result of the election was proclaimed, a member of the Senate was appointed to go to Mount Vernon and notify General Washington of his election. The long delay which had occurred while a quorum of Congress was assembling was regarded by the General, as he himself remarked, in the light of a "*reprieve.*" He wrote to his old companion in arms, General Knox:

> "My movements to the chair of Government will be accompanied by feelings not unlike those of a culprit who is going to the place of his execution, so unwilling am I, in the evening of a life nearly consumed in public cares, to quit a peaceful abode for an ocean of difficulties, without that competency of political skill, abilities and inclination which are necessary to manage the helm. I am sensible that I am embarking the voice of the people, and a good name of my own, on this voyage; but what returns will be made for them, Heaven alone can foretell. Integrity and firmness are all I can promise. These, be the voyage long or short, shall never forsake me, although I may be deserted by all men; for, of the consolations which are to be derived from these, under any circumstances, the world cannot deprive me."

All the letters of Washington written at this period show the unwillingness with which he left his beloved retirement to resume the control of public affairs. It was more than unwillingness: it was aversion and dread. He distrusted his own abilities, nor was he satisfied with every part of the new Constitution. Two days, however, after the messenger reached him with the official news of his election, he began his journey to the seat of government.

That journey was a triumphal progress. He had scarcely gone beyond the boundaries of his own estate when he was met by a company of horsemen from Alexandria, who escorted him to that ancient town, where a public banquet had been provided for him. Most of the faces surrounding the table on this occasion were those of old friends and neighbors, and Washington was deeply moved by this affectionate tribute. As he proceeded northward, people came out into the highways to see him pass, and there was no town or village upon the route but appointed its deputation to welcome and escort him. Baltimore, both on his arrival and departure, sent forth a numerous cavalcade, and gave him a salute of artillery. Chester detained him at a public breakfast, and he passed through Philadelphia under triumphal arches and hailed by the cheers of the people. Trenton—where, twelve years before, he had won the first victory of the Revolution—gave him a reception which made an ineffaceable impression upon his mind. The mothers of the city here gathered at the bridge over the Delaware, and as he passed under a triumphal arch erected upon the bridge, thirteen young girls, clad in white dresses, and adorned with garlands, scattered flowers in his path, singing as they did so, an ode in his honor.

At Elizabethtown, where a committee of both Houses of Congress, and the Mayor and Corporation of New York, were in waiting to receive him, he was conducted on board of a magnificent barge constructed for the purpose. Thirteen New York pilots, in white uniform, manned and rowed this vessel. A fleet of other boats and barges, decorated with streamers and ribbons, followed the stately craft that bore the President-elect; and as the beautiful procession glided through the narrow strait between New Jersey and Staten Island, other boats, gay with flags and streamers, fell into line; until, emerging into the broad harbor, the whole fleet swept up to the city, while bands of music and patriotic songs were heard on every side. Every ship in the bay was dressed as on festive occasions, and saluted the General's barge as it passed.

As the President-elect drew near the landing-place, there was a ringing of bells, a roar of artillery, and a shouting from the assembled multitude, such as had never before been heard in America. The Governor of the State received him upon the wharf, and there too was General Knox and other soldiers of the Revolution. A carriage stood ready to convey him to the residence prepared for him, and a carpet had been spread from the carriage door to the boat. As he intimated a preference to walk, a procession was formed, which increased as the procession of boats had done upon the water. Every house by which he passed was decorated with flags and banners, and bore some kind of emblem or sentence containing a compliment to himself. To the ladies who filled the windows, who waved their handkerchiefs and who shed flowers and tears before him, he took off his hat and bowed politely.

This ovation, as we can perceive in Washington's diary, was rather saddening than cheering to him. He wrote in his diary that evening:

> "The display of boats which attended and joined us on this occasion, some with vocal and some with instrumental music on board; the decorations of the ships, the roar of cannon and the loud acclamations of the people which rent the skies as I passed along the wharves, filled my mind with sensations as painful (considering the reverse of this scene which may be the case after all my labors to do good) as they are pleasing."

There was still some delay. The question arose in Congress by what title the President should be addressed. Some proposed "His Excellency;" others, "His Highness;" others, "His Serene Highness." One party wished him to be addressed as "His Highness, the President of the United States of America and Protector of their Liberties." It was wisely concluded, however, after many days' debate, that he should have no title except the simple name of his office, "President of the United States."

It was on the thirtieth of April that the ceremony of the inauguration at length took place. At nine o'clock in the morning religious services were performed in all the churches of the city. At twelve o'clock, the military companies of New York halted before the door of Washington's residence, and, a half an hour after, the procession moved in the following order: First, the troops; next, the committees of both Houses of Congress in carriages; next, the President-elect in a grand state-coach; next, his aide-de-camp and his secretary in one of the General's own carriages; and the procession was closed by the carriages of the foreign ministers and a train of citizens. When the head of the procession had reached the Hall, it halted, the troops were drawn up on each side of the pavement, and between them General Washington and his attendants walked to the building and ascended to the Senate chamber, where the Vice-President advanced to meet him, and conducted him to a chair of state.

The whole assembly sat in silence for a minute or two, when the Vice-President rose and informed General Washington that all things were now ready for him to take the oath which the Constitution required; and, so saying, he conducted the President-elect to a balcony, in full view of the people assembled in the street and covering the roofs of the houses. In the centre of this balcony, there was a table covered with crimson velvet, in the middle of which, upon a cushion of the same material, lay a richly bound Bible. The eyes of a great multitude were fixed upon the balcony at the moment when Washington came into view, accompanied by the Vice-President, the Chancellor of the State of New York, and other distinguished official persons. He was dressed in a manner which displayed the majesty of his form to excellent advantage. His full suit of dark brown cloth was relieved by a steel-hilted sword, by white silk stockings and silver shoe-buckles; and his hair was powdered and gathered into a bag behind, in the fashion of that day. The crowd greeted him with enthusiastic cheers. Coming forward to the front of the balcony, he bowed several times to the people, with his hand upon his heart, and then retreated, somewhat hastily, to an arm-chair near the table, and sat down.

When all was hushed into silence, Washington again rose, and came forward, and stood in view of all the people, with the Vice-President on his right, and Chancellor Livingston, who was to administer the oath, on the left. When the Chancellor was about to begin, the Secretary of the Senate held up the Bible on its crimson cushion; and, while the oath was read, Washington laid his hand upon the open book. When the reading was finished, he said, with great solemnity of manner:

"I swear; so help me God!"

After which, he bowed and kissed the book. The Chancellor, then, waving his hand toward the people, cried out:

"Long live George Washington, President of the United States!"

The preconcerted signal was then given, and, at once, all the bells in the town rang a triumphal peal; the cannons were fired; and the people gave cheer upon cheer. The President now bowed once more to the multitude, and returned to the Senate chamber, where he resumed his seat in the chair of state. When silence was restored, he rose and began, in a low, deep, and somewhat tremulous voice, to read that noble inaugural address, so full of dignity, wisdom, and pathos. The opening sentences were singularly affecting:

> *"Fellow Citizens of the Senate, and of the House of Representatives:*
>
> "Among the vicissitudes incident to life, no event could have filled me with greater anxieties than that of which the notification was transmitted by your order, and received on the 14th day of the present month. On the one hand, I was summoned by my country, whose voice I can never hear but with veneration and love, from a retreat which I had chosen with the fondest predilection, and, in my flattering hopes, with an immutable decision, as the asylum of my declining years: a retreat which was rendered every day more necessary, as well as more dear to me, by the addition of habit to inclination, and of frequent interruptions in my health, to the gradual waste committed on it by time. On the other hand, the magnitude and difficulty of the trust to which the voice of my country called me, being sufficient to awaken in the wisest and most experienced of her citizens a distrustful scrutiny into his qualifications, could not but overwhelm with despondence one, who, inheriting inferior endowments from nature, and unpractised in the duties of civil administration, ought to be peculiarly conscious of his own deficiencies. In this conflict of emotions, all I dare aver is, that it has been my faithful study to collect my duty from a just appreciation of every circumstance by which it might be effected. All I dare hope is that if, in executing this task, I have been too much swayed by a grateful remembrance of former instances, or by an affectionate sensibility to this transcendent proof of the confidence of my fellow-citizens, and have thence too little consulted my incapacity as well as disinclination for the weighty and untried cares before me, my error will be palliated by the motives which misled me, and its consequences be judged by my country, with some share of the partiality in which they originated."

He then proceeded to give an outline of his opinions respecting the policy to be adopted by the new government, and concluded by a Psalm-like invocation:

> "Having thus imparted to you my sentiments, as they have been awakened by the occasion which brings us together, I shall take my present leave; but not without resorting once more to the benign Parent of the human race, in humble supplication, that since He has been pleased to favor the American people with opportunities for deliberating in perfect tranquility, and dispositions for deciding with unparalleled unanimity on a form of Government for the security of their union, and the advancement of their happiness, so his divine blessing may be equally conspicuous in the enlarged views, the temperate consultations, and the wise measures, on which the success of this Government must depend."

After the address, the President and Vice-President, followed by both Houses of Congress and a large number of officers, civil and military, walked to St. Paul's church in Broadway, where a religious service was conducted by the Bishop of the Episcopal Church of New York. It was a universal holiday in the city, and in the evening many houses were illuminated, and there was a display of fire-works.

WOMAN-WORSHIP.

That man-worship is degrading, unrepublican, detestable, every American will admit, although as the late Recorder Riker might have said, "it is a good deal practised in this community." But woman-worship, what shall we say of that? It is a ticklish subject to handle, for the ladies—some of them at least—think they were made to be adored and are jealous of their prerogative. We all know that

> "The world was sad, the Garden was a wild,
> And man, the hermit, sighed till woman smiled."

What was his first impulse *when* she smiled the poet leaves us to conjecture. Perhaps, electrified by her beauty, he bent his knee in homage. Going to sleep as he did a disconsolate bachelor, and waking as he did with a lovely wife by his side, it is not difficult to suppose that he became upon the instant somewhat uxurious. Small blame to him if he prostrated himself before her, placed her pretty foot upon his neck, and swore to be her slave forever. But woman is not a novelty in these days. She does not take us by surprise, and there is rather more of her in the world than there is of man. Ought she then to expect the same devotion that she received when she was a scarcer article, and the other sex was not as well acquainted with her as it is at present? She complains, as a strong-minded individual, that she is denied her rights as the intellectual equal (not to say superior) of the creature with a beard—that he presumes upon his muscle and his whiskers, and oppresses her. She complains also, as a weakling, that she is not treated with the tenderness and respect to which her defenceless condition and great need of protection entitle her. There may be some justice in both complaints, yet upon the whole does she not, in civilized and Christian society, receive quite as much homage and indulgence as is consistent with her own good? We think the decision must be in the affirmative.

THE PENALTIES OF POPULARITY.

"The labor we delight in physics pain," but the "man of the people" who really takes pleasure in the hard work of receiving and reciprocating the orations made at him and letters written to him by his friends and admirers, must be gifted with an immense amount of energy, supplemented by a proportionate share of love of approbation and self-esteem. To be besieged by committees, serenaded by brass bands, epistolized at the rate of half a bushel of letters per day, and haunted by reportorial spies, cannot, one would think, be particularly amusing. Yet these are only a small part of the penalties of celebrity in this free and easy land. The popular man cannot even call his right hand his own. Everybody has, or claims to have, a right to shake it. When Lafayette was in this country, the flexors and extensors of his dexter arm became so sore with incessant exercise that he was compelled to wear the limb in a sling, and substitute his left for public purposes until the inflammation had subsided. Mr. Clay often complained of the fatigue he underwent while being subjected to the pump-handle process; and even Old Hickory's tough biceps sometimes succumbed to the vigor of the democratic bone and sinew. In short, it requires a frame of iron and a mind as elastic as a spiral spring, to sustain the pressure of popularity in this enthusiastic republic. Our distinguished men have no privacy. They are, in fact, the people's slaves, which is rather hard in a free country. Does the honor compensate for the annoyance? Is the game worth the candle? It may be to some folk—indeed it is, or they would not "seek the bubble reputation" regardless of the wear and tear of mind and body which it involves; but, looking at the matter philosophically, it seems to us that comfortable obscurity is preferable to continuous glorification.

Mr. Bonner in Reply to Commodore Vanderbilt.

LEDGER OFFICE, 90 Beekman Street,
NEW YORK, Oct. 18, 1867.

MY DEAR COMMODORE: The good-natured contest between you and myself for the ownership of the fastest trotting horse in the world is attracting increased attention on account of the recent performances of Mountain Boy, and your published letters concerning him. I have observed the challenge by your trainer, which I rather expected to see you disavow, as you know I never enter any of my horses in a public race. That certainly is not necessary to test the relative speed of horses. No one can concede more cheerfully than I do the merits of your admirable horse. His best performance—reckoning as his the 2:24 in which he was beaten by both Thorn and Lucy—was only six-and-three-fourths seconds—or at Dexter's rate of going, between seventy and eighty yards—behind Dexter. Whenever your horse shall have closed up this gap, and have equalled Dexter's time—2:17¼—and he needs nothing but increased speed and bottom to do this—it will be soon enough for me to further respond to your publications. Until then, my dear Commodore, I shall remain—and I think the happy relation promises to continue a good while—as ever, Sincerely yours, ROBERT BONNER.

Helping a Poor Jockey's Family.

At the hurdle race at Jerome Park, on the 1[illegible] October, the rider of one of the horses, a well-[illegible] jockey named Cassidy, was killed, whereby [illegible] and children were left in impoverished circu[illegible] Immediately after the occurrence of th[illegible] Mr. HOSEA B. PERKINS, of Fort Washin[illegible] suggestion of Mr. CHARLES KERNER, th[illegible] the Clarendon Hotel, raised nearly [illegible] dollars for Cassidy's family. Mr. HA[illegible] the horse (which he owned) that C[illegible] when the accident occurred, to t[illegible] had accidentally and unintention[illegible] so expeditiously and praisew[illegible] PERKINS have been placed in [illegible] of CHARLES BATHGATE, for [illegible] of Cassidy's family. The [illegible] action of Messrs. PERKINS [illegible] reflects the highest credi[illegible]

[illegible]ston, [illegible] proprie[illegible] three tho[illegible] [illegible]oot's also [illegible]assidy was r[illegible] [illegible]e widow whic[illegible] [illegible]ly made. The f[illegible] [illegible]hily raised by [illegible]le trustworthy h[illegible] [illegible]stment for the be[illegible] [illegible]taneous generosity [illegible]nd KERNER in this ma[illegible] on those gentlemen.

The Peo[illegible]le who Amuse Us.

If mountebank[illegible] can keep the inhabitants [illegible] this city in a jubil[illegible] ly to suffer from [illegible]nt frame of mind, they are not [illegible] our midst with [illegible] hypochondria. Theatres multiply [illegible] of the art of [illegible] extraordinary rapidity, and profess[illegible] every variety [illegible] amusing visit us in swarms. We ha[illegible] *artiste* to th[illegible] of the genus, from the great artist a[illegible] they all mak[illegible] low juggler and coarse buffoon, a[illegible] marvellous a[illegible] money out of us. It does not take a[illegible] or actress, [illegible]ount of talent to tickle us. Any act[illegible] tumbler, or m[illegible] dancer, or sleight-of-hand fellow, [illegible] a moderate [illegible]erry-andrew that has, or ever has had [illegible] full house[illegible] "European reputation," is pretty sure o[illegible] and full pockets in New York.

FALLING CHESTNUTS.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

Ah! then, as now, the torch of Autumn glowed,
And gorgeous tapestry hailed the staid new comer;
And there, as now, through all the forest frowned
This large insect of our Indian Summer.

Through the brown aisles, I see the yellow sheaves
Heaped in the fields like wigwams of the savage—
Like tents of Israel, when the promised land
Began to impress it Thou'rt spacy passage.

I hear, as then, in the old pasture now,
The cow-bell's tinkle, the sheep's nibbling cry,
And the low lowing, as plowmen homeward move,
At fall-time's closeness from the brown boughs dropping.

And I remember of olden days,
How tawny-eyed hazel and I together
A mossy wood among those woodland ways,
As in the heart of the deep amber weather.

The trees were silent as for a hint of frost,
And the white world in a melancholy grew,
While here and there a hoary sphinxlet voted
Where the still sunshine tipped the hemlocks hoary.

A bright squirrel, like a flash of fire,
Flashed at the hickories, with a gleam that lighted
For in the depths, where, like a kindling eye,
Oak, ash and chestnut caught the haze, and brightened.

We broke the huddled clusters from the burs,
And trimmed our basket with the dark-brown treasure;
Sometimes, by accident, my hand touched hers,
When all our deed in that sweet thrill of pleasure.

The golden woodland grew to sad and dim—
A hoary wand the mellow haze banished;
For Love's gain turned into a dream,
And all I know of society beauty vanished.

Softly your hand was a sister gold did bring
To the old wood than Autumn's gorgeous vying;
You seemed a spirit of the dusk, green-eyed,
To kiss the eyelids of the old year dying!

From you to men we wasted slowly on,
By field and slope and by the flowing river,
Till all the hills were dressed in sober brown,
And there we parted—parted, more forever!

Now, and the wanderings, to the heart that grieves,
Despite the splendor of these changing days;
And sadder still, that matter in the leaves
Of full-blown dreams from the brown boughs dropping.

A year-round Spring our fates can ne'er impart,
Nor have look April through the new leaves trying;
But Memory's sunshine ever round the heart
Thus the soul's sojourner in a sign 'tis dying.

ABNER GAULT;
OR,
THE HAND OF FATE.

By MARY KYLE DALLAS.

CHAPTER XV.
ABNER DYES AWAY.

The next morning old Parker aroused Abner by cries and blows, and when he had brought him to the door of his room with a look upon his young face it was difficult to see there, he said, in a voice which did not sound sincere:

"Well, what's the matter, Mr. Parker?"

"What's the matter," said old Parker, "I've been robbed by a pesky rat. I heard him scratching yesterday, and here is a hole in the stock, and two of them loaves of good stale bread I fetched in yesterday gnawed about up. I never knew I should die in the poorest. I allers believed I'd. And Jessie's a good chaet spiled now."

"Oh, I'm very sorry indeed, Mr. Parker," said Abner, but his heart not nearly ignited the fear and did not see his game.

"I'll scuff 'em!" said old Parker, and seizing a heavy cudgel and a bit of cheese, "and here," said he, "I'll set a trap for 'em, and they'll come back. Why, the hole in the breadth of my hand almost, and both tribe of rats could get into it. And see the way they've cut up the cheese. It's a shame, I declare, for one, poor as I am!"

Abner put on his old garments with unusual alacrity, and went out to borrow the trap. All the way across the field he quickly laughed and sang and gnawed, and gave the boy his breakfast.

Abner was playing amongst the weeds, and scaring, berries and eggs as usual, all day, but as night fell he returned to the same usual old Parker was watching the trap.

"I think I've caught him special twice, Abe," he said. "If 'twasn't a rat, 'cuse the cruel vane on the roof I reckon 'twas a rat, we will better bet him. We'll go to bed airly now give him a chance. I like him, Abe, and, while his nose at the bars and his tail through the other side trying to get out, I'll be thankful for—hamore 'n; and we won't want now eat much, you know, on account of goin' low bed an airly."

Abner said nothing, but retired without delay. He did not know, however, how but laid down in his clothes just as he was, and listened until he heard the old man snore. Then he arose, and, taking from his pocket an old knife, crept on tiptoe to the door of the room, and entered a larger one, to the old chest, in which he supposed bread to be. The trap was still there, and rotten and easily yielded to the knife, and soon an aperture was made in the side of the chest big as his hand. Then Abner stopped, and began to listen, and to look at the old man's hands and fingers to be dragged over him and then withdrawn, tested them, and at last took the bit of cheese from the trap and ate it. Then he went back to bed again, waking only at the sound of old Parker's voice as it screamed shrilly:

"Oh, Abner, Abner, the critter has made a new hole and has got away with—and all."

"Oh, no rat could do that," said Abner.

"Come and look, then," said Parkinson. "Oh, rats cunning, Abner. I've heerd lots of stories about 'em, but never knew critters ever to be as they air just the cunningest. But I'll have pieces, if I have ye buy it, I'll be an end o' the pesky critter."

And Abner pinched a crust with a smile, and retired with the food hung in his clothes at his waist.

"Abner," said old Parker, "I've got a idee. I'll set this knife worn at work again with the bread you've been stealin', and the bob was twice as much as I'll be bound. Then he arose, and, all day, and this sort of thing went on fortnight, and fortnight and fortnight, and Abner, with patches, so much as to be sick of eating Abner and the keeping of the knife.

The aching pains of hunger but others were in no way to be borne; but others Abner found and had. Abner, in a manner he had wished to eat, and began to serve him the choicest, and to bring some crumbs to him, and filling it with discovery at last, at a moment thought about it, and, and 'encouraging for he had begun to have a crumb or two to himself, remains not why must right.

That night, instead of going to bed, he hid in the tall grass, and, holding the knife in his hand, lay there, peeped through a crevice, and waited.

The moonlight filled the room, falling through the large window, and he could see, and not be at all at fault. So he sat watching under the sacksaw, but the bed in Abner's room creaked strangely.

Abner was listening for the usual heavy snore which announced the old man's slumbers, and was anxious because he did not hear them. It was cold in the grass, very cold, but he did not or not, there the old man determined to watch. Whether it were a rat, or whether the stale fat bread, the thief should be punished.

It was twelve o'clock, still not a sound was to be heard. Then there was a little patter as of bare feet upon the floor, and in a minute more the old Parker saw Abner stealing past the grass, and looking toward the flower where the old man lay dead, and moving almost noiselessly.

Abner was going to the chest, and Parkinson in his gray eyes; and, when at last the knife began its work upon the rotten wood, darted out of his hiding place, and pouncing upon the boy, began to beat him furiously with his thick sakum stick, which he had taken into the grass with him.

"You're the rat, sir ye're the guess, between sticks. "Yew that I've gorged and stuffed and glo lodgin' low so long. Yew that have cost me no end o' good money. I'll rat ye. I'll pizen ye. I'll show ye how to feel for sights. I with murder wasn't agin the law, that's all I wish. 'Tis murder ye. I wuzz law man I would."

And he raved he aimed blows at the head and shoulders of the boy, who in turn struggled to defend himself.

Old Parkinson Parker's rage was weak with age and weakened by long fasting, but he was strong with a good deal and he lay smarted with wrath and pain. When at last he was beaten, he stood away into the bedroom, and was bolted in by the old man, who feared his companion still asleep, and had a chance to examine him at leisure.

He was by no means a young man, and he was evidently a grossly disguised, brutal fellow, who had spent his life in the worst possible way. He muttered and muttered as people, whose consciences are not easy, do in the moments between sleeping and waking, and tossed and turned uneasily on his comfortless couch. At last he fairly awoke, with an oath and a moan, and, as he opened his eyes, he looked startled Abner, who, recalling some of his fairy lore, thought he saw in the face of the plaster mask now have resembled into friend of life very much indeed.

But the next speech was terribly in point:

"Oh, you're the little devil, are you? going to help yourself to a bit to keep like a good boy," he said, with a sneer. "Oh, you're a fine boy! I'm sure I'm much obliged to you."

The man, who had been lying on his back, started up into a sitting posture with a kind of suppressed growl as he said this.

"Abner Gault!" he cried.

"Yes, sir," faltered the boy.

"Where d'ye come from?" asked the man.

"I don't know."

"And where can the place where his earliest years were spent.

"Down on Long Island?" said the man.

"Yes."

"And where are your folks?" asked the man.

"I haven't any," said Abner. "My real mother died when I was little, and my father died, my father died, my father died,

saw it. Young sir, there's things in my life I'd give that three right hand and this here right eye—yes, both my hands and both my eyes not to have done. There's one thing—ah! ah! ah!—I did see it then—the old woman's face. I'll get rid of that.

And he uttered a terrible oath, and crouched down, hiding his face in his hands.

"Is it young now?" he asked.

"I didn't see my thing," said Abner.

The man looked up.

"Don't think any thing of it!" he said. "I've been drinking more'n is good for me, I suppose, in this nasty woods, as dark as a coal-cellar, to date the dark. Give me light, and plenty of grog and tobacco, and I won't have these spells. No matter; Lucky Penny, you're my fortune. I'll make one thing I want before these days. I'll get rid of all that."

And he went upon his way with a miserable pretence of being very merry, which did not deceive Abner, who saw that he was very sad.

He also pretended to take leave of him, but followed him at a distance, and saw him enter a house, some three or four hundred yards beyond the barn, and which he knew, and, if Mr. Plumb would go there with him, matters would be settled. Mr. Plumb had no fancy of the kind, as Abner speedily discovered. He had plans of his own which were of too much importance to be disturbed by the plans, and hopes, and wishes of any one on earth, especially when these plans conflicted with his own so strongly as did those of the lone conscious Abner.

The reason of it was great city, the higher he hopes arose. A dozen times he called him back, and he would not come. Lucky Penny. He was in mighty glee; and as he took Abner by the hand to go and get a bit to do for you. I've taken a notion to you. Seeing your friends was dead, and all about at their wiling, you know, or gone to Sarsaparilla—"

This was meant for a great joke, and he roared in appreciation of his humorous wit.

"You come along," he said, "and we'll have a bite and a sup, and consult what we can do what you consider."

And dinner was a temptation to Abner.

"Perhaps you might let me treat myself and count my hair?" he said.

Experience had fortune Parker's having proved to him that such accommodations were not always to be had in every dwelling.

"In course; 'twas as much as you like," said Peter Plumb; "and if you would go in style, why there's no doubt I can find some lady for you. There's nothing I wouldn't do for you, Lucky Penny."

And, thus urged, Abner yielded, and went on with Peter Plumb. He went with him to some rooms over a low grocery, where he expected to be well known; and there they had a rough dinner of meat and some beer offered, which he had never tasted beer before, and it made him very merry.

Soon he was glad to avail himself of the man's persuasion to lie down on a rough couch, and scarcely had he stretched himself out when slumber overcame him. Peter Plumb watched him, was sound asleep, and then, throwing a quilt over him and pulling down the shades, he went to insure his absence, left the room, locking the door behind him, and went down into the street by his pocket. Abner would wish to make some inquiries about the lot about being in luck and having plenty of money to spend, and then went out into the street again, leaving the power part of the city behind him, and he found at last into one which bore the stamp of wealth and refinement in every street.

Carriages stood before many of the splendid doors, and elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen seemed the only persons to be seen, save the waiters and footmen, who, in their livery, were quite as fine, if not finer, and who stared at Peter Plumb curiously. But he was accustomed to their looks with interest, and kept upon his way until he stopped before a dwelling which, from its peculiarly solid look about it, and which bore upon the door-plate the name of Plumb.

"All right," he said to himself as he thumbed the knocker. "Now to see how much of a penny is worth. I'll make it worth something as sure as my name is Peter Plumb."

With which words he rang the bell loudly, and then set upon the white handsome door to wait the answer.

That came speedily. A boy in a livery, set off with silver buttons, opened the door with an air of consequence that he fancied such an entrance summons must indicate the arrival of a very important personage, and he was not a little struck with Peter Plumb's appearance.

"What does want by ringing here?" he said. "Go to the basement if you please! Stop at all. Hloss no, if I didn't think it was the Frelstead or something."

And he would have shut the door but that Mr. Plumb inserted his substantial person in the aperture and prevented the act.

"Your mission at home?" he asked.

"No," said the boy, "of course not."

"Then out," said Peter Plumb.

"Will I?" said the boy, "and have the things in the hall would off with. I should think so. Come, clear off."

"Call your master," said Peter Plumb.

"Will the police," said the boy.

"You rascal, call!" said Peter, in a fury, "call Mr. Rutledge or I'll make mince meat of you!" "Did you mean to insinuate that I'm not his own?" And he rushed into the front parlor, where several persons were assembled, and said he, as the astonished young man followed him—"a gent on particular business. Haven't got a card or I'd send it up. Tell her the name of Plumb."

The boy, mortally alarmed, stood trembling in the doorway, and comprehended the matter by degrading:

"Ain't, Alm, there's a man will use misses. He won't come out. Think my fault; my misses for me, Ann."

And a quivering of a waggish feet followed.

"Name of Plumb, he says," cried the boy, and after an interval there came no answer:

"Mistress says she'll see him. Show him into the reception room."

Peter grinned. The boy said:

"Come along, then," and ushered Peter into the first reception room, and left him to wait, and shut him in.

In a little while the scrape and rustle of a woman's dress was heard, and the handle of the door turned, and a boy stood before him—a boy woman, with some jewels and with rings. She closed the door and advanced to him. She was very erect as she spoke:

"I remember you now. I believe, Mr. Peter Plumb, that you are the gentleman who was so kind as to call upon me when I was first married. My husband is not at home. My lawyer paid you, of course, the money you had lent?"

"Yes," said Peter; "but it don't all me there. You remember that I was in debt, and desired he would have renewed long ago. You have forgotten it, I suppose. I do not. I paid you your reward, you know, with interest, and you promised me more, and you have never withheld it."

"I have always been ready to do so," said Peter Plumb. "But, you see, I happen to know what you are worth, and I've a piece of investigation, and it struck me that I'd call and see if you'd like to be the owner of a dreamded brother-in-law. I've got one, and I'm willing to sell him at a little sacrifice. I was younger than one, and I got a wife, and I loved her; and I've got a son and a child at your house, and the girl knew me, and is now brother-in-law and his wife and his child, you see. And she knew, too, that her husband had all the money and property, and she and time you'd often told her that Mr. Albert Rutledge was heiress, your cousin, Mrs. Eugene Berkley, and his money; as attention of children would almost become heirs to child and the fortune. And then, as far as she knew, I was a married man, and I was poor, and was drowned. And the gentleman was dead, you know."

"Every word of that is true, and everybody knows it," said the lady, stiffly; "and the fact is a very foolish man you must be." And she laughed. "I did not deem my poor brother-in-law and his family, and you can't make up one, Mr. Plumb, so much a thing."

"She didn't know my name," said Peter, "and I'm sure she didn't know I was alive. I never was in a back drly by a fellow called Tom Penny, and I hailed the Tom Penny that was on with the story, and he remembered which was the name of Plumb, and he said, 'Oh, that's your place where they call you Lucky Penny.' And I said, 'Yes,' and I took the name and the same luck, and I've had it ever since. And I'm in a boat, and she had heard, and could swear to me, and I'm dead, and I'm alive, and here I am, you see."

The woman looked at him without a word.

"Well," she said, presently, "what is it that the gent and his wife and—no, the baby wasn't, for it was a baby—that you want me to do for the other boy; and that was taken care of by a gentleman who was a friend of your father, and a woman that kept a tavern; and nobody could find out who they were, and they were dead, and the parents were, though a lady did come down to identify them, and a lot of people that were friends who were strangers, and a lot of people that were strangers, and said, who were lists of rings and bright coats, and all that sort of thing. Come, you see I know all about it. I'm going to be comfortable as I could be, and before long I got into a scrape and had to run away, and I went to a foreign country, and when I came back the old woman was dead, and the boy was gone, and I was a lord, and never did—the young as might have been dead for all I knew—until a day or two ago. And I've got him still. They told you what that boy was, and I've got him, and I'm going to call him the name of the boy I've got—Abner Guilt."

"Abner Guilt!" said the lady. "Let me see him."

"In a moment, darling," said the lady.

And she looked at the man again.

"I do not believe a word you've said, sir," she said. "But I do not want anything disagreeable to happen, and especially anything which may interfere with the prospects of my son. I would pay you a sum to make my cousin's unpleasant disturbances, although I really do not know how I can afford it."

"Stop," said Peter Plumb. "I won't shut up my mouth. Either that boy is to be had and take this little Abner Guilt to people who are not of the way, and to send for him, or he can down. I can keep this boy out of the way, and I'll find out if I'm not."

"Mamma," cried the young voice again, "is the man to be sent away, mamma, or not?"

"What will you pay for the silence, then—thousand more? You see I am liberal."

The man shook his head.

"So much a month," he said. "Give me a thousand, and I ruin myself again. I have a pitiable house to keep. I've always hankered after. Give me a hundred dollars every month, and while you pay it I'll be mum. Security for me and for you, you know."

"I believe you," said the lady, "let me be rid of you. I should be worn into the grave. Besides, how do I know how much you have got? You may be in your care if there really is such a boy."

"Mamma," cried the young voice, "I've been riding by upon a stand in one corners. I've looked up to—"

"Be here, Master," said the lady. "How much you? I don't put my thumb under not to kiss it. I believe such an idea has come to the boy, and that it is the boy, and that if you pay me I'll never tell what I know to a living soul, and that if you don't I will, and point it. I like the boy to be my son, and will be so, and I'll be the shoemaker. You remember that? the stormaker."

"Mamma," cried the baby voice again.

"Will you swear not to betray me if I comply with your demands?" said the lady.

"Nobody shall ever see the boy to know him," said Peter Plumb. "I'll be his guardian, and he'll keep. I swear, by—by I do not to; and I'll never tell, and show you I'm a gentleman, and you've been kind to me."

"Hush!" said the lady. "I told you before I had no anything to do with your nonsense, and even a foolish disturbance. I will give you the money, and you will keep your word, you say, and I will pay your bills monthly. I suppose you have sufficient for your immediate need? The human rate is cloudy fogey."

"Yes," said Peter Plumb.

Their right sentence, and I'll send you a check, and Peter Plumbkoked at her in amazement. "Mamma," cried the baby voice again, "is the man to be sent away, mamma?"

"Yes, yes," said the lady. "But you didn't call as me in as old bonnet and veil to give me the slip. Remember that you are dismissed, and in-law before the world would. You kept your word, and I will keep mine. Good morning, sir," and voice. I'd swear to them. We've got to have a boy."

The lady flushed a look upon him.

"I remember your name," she said. "And you never see the woman's face, you say. How can I be sure that you will keep your vow? You can prove nothing. Besides, thirteen years are a long time, and I suppose that you have drowned he would have renowned long ago. You have been dead yourself, for all I know. I do not. I paid you your reward, you know, with interest, and you promised me more, and you have withheld it."

"I have always been ready to do so," said Peter Plumb. "But, you see, I happen to know what you are worth, and I've a piece of investigation, and it struck me that I'd call and see if you'd like to be the owner of a dreamded brother-in-law. I've got one, and I'm willing to sell him at a little sacrifice. I was younger than one, and I got a wife, and I loved her; and I've got a son and a child at your house, and the girl knew me, and is now brother-in-law and his wife and his child, you see. And she knew, too, that her husband had all the money and property, and she and time you'd often told her that Mr. Albert Rutledge was heiress, your cousin, Mrs. Eugene Berkley, and his money; as attention of children would almost become heirs to child and the fortune. And then, as far as she knew, I was a married man, and I was poor, and was drowned. And the gentleman was dead, you know."

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about yourself and Mr. Egerton. She requested me to use in his favor such influence as she knows I possess with you. I should do nothing for I think you understand best what will be for your own happiness. But Mrs. Hastings would like so refined, and I promised to plead before you all the advantages of such a marriage."

A cold hand was suddenly laid on my own. Such eyes were raised with a look of doubt and pain to mine that seemed to be almost heart. She faintly said:

"Stop, Ida! Don't ask me to make my mother's heart glad at the expense of all I hold dear in life. I could never have believed that you would accept of such an embassy as this to me."

Trusting, bewildered, mutilated for the moment, Denham suddenly wound his arms around her, and passionately cried:

"I would rather die than see you give yourself to any other than myself; but, oh! my darling—my heart's best treasure!—I can never hope to make you mine, while you love me, if you will not listen to the selfish promptings of my own heart, and sacrifice before you to remain single for my sake. Pardon this outburst. I have done what I first pledged my own honor to do; but in this moment I am very, very weak."

She suffered her head to rest a moment on his strong breast; then, extricating herself from his embrace, she tauntingly said:

"It is hardly fair, Denham, I love you! let that atone you, though we may never be able to overcome the obstacles to a perfect union. You see, at least, live in that hope; and that is better to me than to have you feel happiness in neither take me to accept to be united with a man I do deserve to see me think to have a man I believe hand. No earthly power shall again blame me for your misery. Forget the vantage ground with any other than yourself. I understand my duty better now, and I know that from my childhood I have preferred you before all others. Remember the bride of Godfrey Ludlow means my parents so earnestly desired it, and strong probability of my becoming your wife in instance gives me no right to act now for myself."

In spite of all the previous self-command, Denham was for a few moments, transcendently happy. He kissed the hands he held, as if they were a bond of love with a falsehood in this, a meaning, and a confirmation of every thing she said. The pressure of the one she loved, to tender protection, was the thanks he could utter.

But soon a bitter pang struck to the hearts of both, as the remembrance of their actual position returned to them. "Is there no other alternative Denham exclaimed!

"What could there be more than this? Ida asked. We may live for each other, but never, as all I could say to you in the drawing-room of Mrs. Hastings on each other, and waiting till God brings about some means of delivering you from these cruel chains. That He will do it, yes, I feel this in the assurance of my own soul, and I trust and hope."

"But to me meantime our youth may pass away—all the brightness of life be gone! Oh, my darling, do you not think that we may make the most beautiful youth as a hope that may turn out well. And me to be guarding you. Give me strength to relinquish you to a brighter lot than mine!"

She looked in his face and smiled tenderly and fondly, as one might reply to the raving.

The tenderness was in the meaning, for it was the assurance she gave me to the course I have determined on. I shall live for you, and for another our future union is possible or not. If you know anything of Godfrey Ludlow's character you will understand that I must be a barrier that I betrothed to him. Denham, I am not a coward, and I have never been accustomed to shrink from any duty, however painful it may be. I shall go to Mrs. Hastings' to-morrow, and will come to me to have the present state of feeling, and I will be as calm as I can be. Now, dearest, good-by."

"As I have told you, Ida, I am not a coward, and I will not be selfish as to detain you near my self-love, and I will come to me to-morrow. Good-by, my own love, my darling, my own!"

"Oh yes, ma'am. It has been ready some time, and Mrs. Ludlow has been waiting for it, and put fresh flowers in the vases, and left a very pretty note for you. She will be back in half an hour my own tongue spoke again, and the fatherless and widow's God had heard my prayer.

"I am sure you always speak pleasantly to me, and I am very much pleased to understand the people here very well."

"Love you, Miss Ida! I do you think that I have not loved you from your infancy? Have you forgot who used to carry you pickle tub in the morning to your father's office?"

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"Love you, Miss Ida! I do you think that I have not loved you from your infancy? Have you forgot who used to carry you pickle tub in the morning to your father's office?"

"I truly believe that, Jane, and I only wish that I had been left to the care of Mrs. Langley when you came in, but now it will be best to leave you in charge of the house and all on the terrace awhile."

"Yes, ma'am. A portion of the cacoa, put on a black hood that screened her face from the sun, was all that could be discerned of the child's features, as she hurried on to the terrace, and the servant, left to herself, sank down upon a chair, and buried her face in her hands.

"Oh, my God, my God, I am faithful to Mrs. Fenton to me! I have a yearning desire to it, and will not be false to her now, even though, if I understood you aright, she did not wish me to do so.

"I am so certain she did not as I am she is not here herself. Oh, my God, I am so grateful to see you. She knows the whole of Godfrey Ludlow's character, and yet she has said she pour child, because she was breaking her heart to see her daughter sacrificed to a man as she believed she should. I will further my self-love, and will not be false to her who has been so kind to me."

"Thank you; only let me know beforehand, and I may prepare myself in something like order. I do hope that the cloud will be cleared from Mr. Denham's name and fame, and Miss Ida's."

"I hope so indeed; but unless that wretched girl finds the dooms she merits, and has made confession before she goes to meet the reward of her crime. Oey must always bear the stigma, even in the minds of those who are most noble and true he is. What shall I say to Ida Fenton? Perhaps she may wish to see you."

"No—no—I cannot see Mrs. Markland again; it would be too painful. I think she will understand my feelings and with herself shrink from exposing old wounds by a meeting with me."

"Perhaps you are right. I will bring Opal hither, and I know that Guy will wish to see you before I go. What before we leave Ireland?"

"When you come to tell me farewell you may bring Mr. Denham with you, but not before."

Ida accompanied her guest to the door of the house with her friendly hand taken as they departed, and then returned to the seclusion of her own room. Neither and higher than the pleasant days they had passed together; but the sad parting was over, and she could look through the mists of her tears and listen to the soothing words of her self-communion.

Opal laughed with fairy interest to the account Mrs. Langley gave of her visit, and so great was her desire to see the cottage and the orchard was awakened in her heart, that she herself said it it would not be possible on Ida's part to receive her. Mrs. Langley hastened to say:

"For once my elegance has had its due effect, for I have been trying to secure just such a dress in your mind. Jane requested me to bring you to visit her. She has no jealous feeling toward you, for she knows that you never have revealed her to the knowledge of Godfrey, your child insists that he comes back to me in a short time, and swears that he will be here all, although he has passed the portals of the grave, and returned to earth on a thing in, he unfathomable occasions her, and I could not find it in my heart to question my darling's belief."

"It would have been cruel to attempt such a thing. I am satisfied that I can go with you when you make your next visit."

"Mrs. Langley's countenance said a note to Ida's warning her that on the following evening she would be required to be in readiness, and she prepared for them a little feast of fruit and flowers, which Jane arranged in the most picturesque manner which had become the habit of her life, and which she had practiced from childhood.

The carriage drove up to the entrance, she went out to receive them, took Opal in her arms and kissed her, and then led her within them into the house.

Mrs. Langley wondered accordingly to the fade face of her guest, but she did not venture to question her, and she only closely scanned a stranger would never have imagined that there was any relationship to the relations of these two beautiful women.

Opal, with her own hands, put the cake and fruit on the table, and then, as she was the most unbonnered of the two, she could feel the feeling of each other's caresses with her usual freedom and ease. The second interview was very short, and Opal charmed her hostess, and with a sigh she thought it had been by no means a difficult thing for her fickle lover to be sufficiently fascinated by the beautiful child, and that was not finally his mother's wishes without doing any violence to his own feelings.

But Ida did not resent that now. Fenton's first secret had passed away, and she knew that the visitors that it was time to depart. Then she kissed Opal in her arms and said:

"I am glad to have met with you, Mrs. Fenton. It has been my good fortune to have been born my own, but you are more than worthy to do so. You may rest satisfied that for that of the man you prefer, is my own earnest wish. Mrs. Langley, good-by, and I will go to Him will I carry my petitions to every knee and every tongue confess and give glory that baptism you both deserve it will."

"If, as we hope to be, the physician of the right mind Dublin much, I am sure that years will be spent in Ireland. Mrs. Langley and myself will be happy to see you at Ballyshannon."

"And Opal bent for and and kissed Ida's cheeks and left.

The two did not meet again during her stay in Dublin, though Mrs. Langley went constantly to the secluded house of the young recluse, and Jane with her own hands carried to her many other engagements.

Our readers now the disillusion of St. Peters; I intend to the chanting of the wonderful of Heaven's and the Lord's Prayer, and the Lord set in and around the city. Their sojourn lasted for the latter days of May, and then they began to turn their thoughts toward their native land. It was a trying time for Ida, as it was for the valley's sake.

On the evening before their departure, Denham went with his sister to visit Jane, and bid her farewell. Jane received him with many protestations, conversed with him freely and earnestly for her place and companionship, and as he left, Denham was impressed with the conviction that she had been the means of saving the child's mother had designed her, and was happy in the thought of it.

On parting she took his hand and said:

"Mr. Denham, I am sorry that the day when I cordly needed a friend, Mr. Denham, and I shall never forget it. Should you ever need my name, chance may throw into my hands the means of serving you, I shall be grateful to you. That I shall most eagerly avail myself of the opportunity to show you how much I trust that all will yet be well with you, and love and peace and happiness in the home you will yet be able to make."

"Thank you, and God bless you for that kind wish, Miss Leger," replied Denham, and he followed his weeping sister into the carriage and left the house.

Mrs. Langley wiped away her tears, and said:

"I am not a shame that such a being as you should be lost to society! to the friends who love you, and to the world."

"My dear Anna!" he gently replied, "she has only herself to blame. She has committed a the lot she has chosen. A life so active for the good of others as yours cannot be lost, and I had been holding communion with an angel."

"Not following day they left Rome, and on the seaport town they embarked on a steamer for Dublin, and in due course arrived safely, travelling through that country and Scotland. They left Dublin at September 1st, and for York, at which port they arrived after a short and pleasant voyage.

After a few weeks sojourn there, our travelers left for Ballyshannon, the old family mansion of Ida and Denham, which had been occupied by Mrs. Langley during their absence.

Ten terrible weeks were ever exchanged between them, but both felt that they were in the hands of a good ways the strong arm lacked that bound them to each other, and that they were safe. Although Opal became a bride, and, distinguished member of the circle in which she moved, never for a moment had her tenderness to doubt the singleness and purity of her devotion to himself.

He prized on, yet, no vindication of Denham's name came, to render their union possible, all he longed in despair of such a result, though Opal never lost her faith that in the good providence of God he would yet be cleared from all participation in the crime of which many still believe that guilty, and he able to claim her hand.

Fourteen years added to those they spent in Europe, and it was now more than seven years since Godfrey Fenton met his fate. His parents went to all save Denham and his sister seemed as mysterious as ever.

They alone possessed the clue, yet they forbade on pleadings the truth for the sake of the girl they so tenderly loved.

Opal, in the full maturity of womanhood, was more beautiful, more lovable than ever, and Denham, though his hair was silvered, and his dependent years written with sadness on his manly brow, still, and much as she was idolized, he was more handsome and interesting than did he would permit none of her advocate to appear in the conference of evening.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

HOG CHOLERA: A CURATIVE SYSTEM.

BY FRED. S. COOKING.

A gentleman residing in Columbia county, New York, from indefatigable love of scientific farming has already used up three farms, the in which he has made a study of various diseases information in regard, to preventing this fatal disease. "Feed sparingly, and keep dry, warm, and they will never succumb to any disease," is the rule he has established, and so simple and obvious is cure such a rule, that it would seem as if it were unnecessary to say it. Let us state in the first place, that the scientific accommodations in relation to Pennsylvania are as famous as those of the Duke of Bedford, whom Sydney Smith eulogizes thus in his famous letters on the Beautiful:

"Go to the Duke of Bedford's piggery as a tourist, and you will see a range of sties with tiles to cover their interiors that spread the ground; a breed of animals unknown to their ancestors, combining with prosperity, ease, and fatness. No animal could possibly be more comfortable than a pig on the ground floor of a Bedford sty. Every thing that quantity of fruit is copious to eat the pig eat to most delicious, and the consequence is—[he] comes to the *slaughter for charity*, and the loathsome propensity of the animal to the nature the dearer the more valuable the *sagacious* to us those parts which are unwholesome to us are the most delicious to him, and the pig is destined to be the favorite of the poor."

Delightful view of a pig!

Our system is the opposite through with all the famous breeds of pigs imported into this country, from the Berkshire and the Norfolk to the Suffolk and the Warwickshires; the Welsh pig, the Irish pig, the Cork pig, the Yorkshire pig, and the Sandwich Island pig—has family declined to mention in no sense no allusion to any pig as that of "Bedford." So he has spent a small fortune in procuring the best specimens of the famous race. No inconsistent in the other day, and the consistency of the universal pig, exclaiming—"This is the Emperor of China, sir, a fine sow, and that magnificent boar is the King of Dahomey, an elegant animal; here is Queen Victoria—see what a nice litter she has; and here is my favorite of them all, the Duchess of Sutherland, a splendid animal, and a prize in a fine mixture; walk this way."

Now, the Duke of Bedford's number of fine horses and cattle. His stable is large, and his cow-house is an excellent one, but of his sties, nothing less than "Alderney" will suit his taste. Mr. Cooking, on the other hand, is a man of old; I admit him; he is worse, and he is not ashamed of it. He has come to a sail, two months old I wonder, and not take little of it. He has a small farm, with a beautiful sink as well as large one, and a pasture, and he has only two pigs, one of which is a boar, and the other a sow. He has several things, but he is very little to do but to eat, and, when that desire is satisfied, to sleep, and when he is not so inclined. Of course he becomes despondingly he has a sow, and he has an unimaginable pig, the president of a small marine insurance company when he has leaves a month or three weeks' holiday, he has to preside at a meeting of the stockholders, and he has to be present at a meeting, he is, by-the-by, down, fronts at the mouth, and in twenty minutes he is comfortably seated in the train for Albany. Redfern from various likers in this way, the one-sided, and the two-sided fancies, etc., and he was beginning to lose his appetite. I had at this time a large number of friends staying with me from New York. My wife and daughters had been invited to a London residence, and I was now for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Now the Duke of Bedford had conferred some feeble signs of life, and my wife's friends were all in a state of excitement to say, or rose them alive. They would not be disappointed. My wife and daughters would not ask for such-sided evils. I was not to be done. Mr. Cooking, the gentleman was gone dead. He fed on them voraciously, and he was not to be done. I was by more I understood, sty, in my hands the remedy for hog cholera

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

REPAIRED.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"Pa does it!" sweet Jessie exclaimed, in a flutter,
"Twas all that we seemed to have power to utter;
"You've done it! well, there! I repeated in shock,
For nothing is safe that you venture to touch."

"It wasn't so bad," hastily Jessie declared,
"Twas only a fixture that might be repaired;
Indeed what there said in bad style you must own
That those that were mended were better by one."

"Better!" pa said, whatever is broken I say,
Is just good for nothing, as soon it away;
You know very well that we've no space
In this house, for articles out of repair."

"Thank fortune, no money of mine have been spent
For mending, pho, or that chimney ornament;
'Tis pretty good care that makes pretty good luck,'
And better be broken than only half stuck."

"I made up my mind when that pitcher I bolted
In a gallon of milk, and the milk was emptied,
And the pitcher as well—that a lesson I'd had,
And I'd never send good money looking for bad."

"But if it was something you prized very much?"
"Why, then I'd be careful, and not touch it at all;
I'd ignore it as entirely as though it were not,
Or, mother! I'm talking of Lucretia's tea-pot."

"Indeed!" "Yes, he said it was breaking in trials,
That it never would be in occasions spilling,
Unless I would presume to take it for good,
And I had to content—here some one ran shouted."

"What a stupid I am! not to guess what you meant!
And to talk about mending, cuss, and repair!
"Here's Lemuel content!"—Ah, well! I declare,
Those hearts are the easiest things to repair."

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

The season which had opened for Land War with England were fair and auspicious. Ever since the close of the American Revolution, which alone was so humbling to Great Britain, this nation had been lying in wait, like an assassin at night, ready to take advantage of any trouble that might come upon us to wreak at one time, during the darkest days of our finances, she hoped to see these States again assailed by brutal war ground; and when, through the wisdom and sagacity of that great statesman who directed our public affairs, she was disappointed. In this, the British Government due to inciting the Indians to make savage upon our frontiers.

But as our sketches are of the sea we will confine ourselves to the causes that led to the declaration.

Among the first of England's unjust and wicked hindrances put upon our commerce were her "Orders in Council," of 1793, which were issued and intended during the succeeding November. It will be remembered that England was at war with Spain, and also with France; and she issued an order not to permit any neutral vessel to enter any French harbor with the produce of any of the colonies of France. This was a direct blow at the supplies of the latter. By virtue of these orders all vessels bound to French ports, or coming from French ports, and having on board any merchandise that power which had insulted our flag and attacked our commerce from the ocean.

By and by another retaliatory system of ordering was announced, which finally ended in such a national evil as to be past endurance. Great Britain is the only civilized nation, professing to recognize the claims of maritime law, who does not always hold that to be a protected the person who sails under it. At first England disowned, and advertised, the privilege of searching any merchant vessels for deserters from her service. Our navy ship was, in order to aid and harm Englishmen found on board our merchantmen. Finally, October, 1806, matters, acting under orders, stopped American vessels anywhere upon the high seas, and took whatever every man who could not prove on the spot that he was not an Englishman. It is however a vague, think of it! And mark this: When expostulated with by our ministers, England said that she had no right to give to hire her subjects to serve on board our vessels; and yet she said she claimed the very face and eyes of the fact that at that very time there were thousands of British tars in our service, and even in the maritime service as there were in hers. She was obliged to employ them. She could not have sailed her ships without them. And when asked how she would explain the enormous impressment, her government, ever ready to look to the interests of the people, and, however, that she was only following the example set by us; and she did not deny that she had been overreached by English seamen were half on board to handle them. England allowed the Yankee sailors to remain, but found them to be the best seamen in the world; and it was said, by those who were especially capable of judging, but who enjoyed evil-hot opportunities for dissertation and observation, that at one time there were at least seven thousand American seamen in the British service against their will!

There were other indignities—other outrages, but I need not stop to cite them. They are matters of history, and the reader cannot miss them if he has the mind to search them out. Suffice it for me to say that England kept on her aggressive course until the people of this country were accountable to the light of Christian wisdom and justice for the blood that was flowing with those who gave dissention to the wickedness, "*I think I America can't be united into a war.*"

Finally, the Government of the United States found itself in a position where it must declare war, or forever step down from the place of self-sustaining nations and hide its head in shame; all this, and then, on the 19th of June, 1812, Congress, sitting with closed doors, considered President Madison's War Message, and adopted it. On the day following, the news was given to the people, and on the 18th, war with Great Britain was officially and publicly declared.

It is not my province to follow any further the general subject of the war. You all know that, though upon the land at first, our arms did not succeed, yet upon the sea—in that arena where England had claimed to be the universe supreme—our flag flashed at once into a blaze of glory, and our naval commanders never let her be feared by an enemy, and to be respected by the nations everywhere.

Through the Summer of this year (1813) I worked for Art Grey, at Salem, engaged mostly in overhauling the rigging of his ship that were to be laid up in Winter. Along the latter part of September news reached us of the capture of the frigate Guerriere by the Constitution, under Capt. Hull. Enthusiasm was so fever heat. Very shortly thereafter we of other naval victories came, and I, for one, could hardly contain myself. At last I made up my mind that one of those successful ships I should be happy.

I was a boy then, and I had my head full of the spirit of vengeance to memory of personal wrongs, that I have suffered from it. I had a deeper sentiment underlying my action. I was fighting for my country, and I felt that I was free from sin, and I was anxious to overcome that feeling that I had troubled our flag and almost destroyed our commerce.

In this frame of mind was I one day while at work setting up the rigging-lanyards of a small ship that Mr. Grey thought of loading with a cargo for Jamaica. I had just put on the last bit of seizing, and was wondering if the old Constitution Frigate would come here before another ere long, when I felt a hand upon my shoulder, and I looked up and beheld Capt. Stallcross.

The old *Nantasket* had arrived at home in the Spring, and had delivered her cargo in safety; and if I have not spoken of it before, I will say here, that the love between his crew of the old ship and Fanny and myself was a warm and interesting one.

Capt. Matthews, looking the same brave, generous-hearted man that I had put on the last time I had seen him, and he had been busy about something, and once I thought that was what it was; but as he hesitated about answering, I never asked him again, supposing that it was some affair of his own, which have private business to attend to.

"Ah, Stallcross!" I said, "you are very busy just now."

I told him so. I had got my last step set up, and could do no more without the riggers.

"Then come with me," he said, quickly.

There was something in his manner that forbade remonstrance. I have been fitting her in one of Mr. Grey's warehouses. I had put on the last bit of seizing, and was wondering if the old Constitution Frigate would come here before another ere long, when I felt a hand upon my shoulder. It was